

SUICIDE, SCHIZOPHRENIA AND SPLOSHING: A COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES.

BY DAVID ESTRADA

I am a piece of shit

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Life has always been like ambrosia but my ambrosia is often mixed with capers. My name is David Estrada. I am the caper in the ambrosia of my neighborhood. Just by thinking about a caper one thinks of something tasty intrinsically...savory. But mixed with the fruit and sweets of the ambrosia they are both spoiled.

His name, his name is David Hume...he is a recent graduate from Fullerton College but this isn't his real name. The real David Hume was a renowned philosopher. Isn't that the way life is? When shit hits the fan white people blame the outsider, the scapegoat. This is a graduation party for a friend or just an acquaintance. I, David Estrada, like to drink and have very low self-esteem and ambition. We often think that everything is about us especially when we don't know all the details of circumstances that we are not in control of but surround us like a murder of crows in park at dusk.

I could have walked to Hume's house and start drink that afternoon I can't remember that I didn't. But around two the next morning they wouldn't let me leave and I can't remember if it was because someone stole the money for the strippers or was it that I had overdosed in the driveway and no one would call an ambulance so a private doctor was called. But that is the end and you are wondering how do I come to referring to the majority of my friends as though they were members of Hitler's inner circle?

Adolf Hitler and I were workout buddies. We talked about racism and how I need to be proud of my birth heritage. I am adopted...My family is real...I am really Hispanic, unless you are truly a racist. Because of these people, I never want to meet my birth family. Adolf, his brother and I went to a racist bookstore in Costa Mesa one night during my indoctrination into the cult of Hitler Christ. One day he told me that Mexicans were like Jews and we needed to put them unto trains to death camps. I this time I learn of ZOG...the Zone Occupied by Germany or ZOG. Some people said that ZOG was the Jews taking over the world but I knew that America had never won the War and history had become Nazi propaganda since the Hitler won the war by making a deal to develop atomic bombs and bomb their former ally Japan.

Soon the AIDS Project would kill the remaining undesirables like the scientists had planned. The fear of physical love because of fatal disease would drive the lonely to suicide but depression is as contagious as herpes but twenty times more scarring.

Galeazzo Ciano had been my childhood best friend but I see that there are no such things as friends. His older brother Benito Mussolini had been one of my childhood tormentors spitting in my face when I wanted to play with the other kids. I was born with birth defects to my urinary tract that cause he to get punched in the face by bullies, piss my pants and have chronic kidney infections. I wish I had died as a child so I wouldn't have had to live a life as mine. I wouldn't have had to live through the Beer Garden putsch where I was thrown under the bus and I became the dirty spic scapegoat...

So there I was hanging out with Nazis talking about our love of a Nazi punk group Aggravated Assault but really I was a Spanish or Mexican Nazi sympathizer who just like getting drunk and asking this Adolf Hitler guy why he didn't believe in God and why he hated Hispanics...my family. I mostly liked to drink and if I had thought about it too much I would have turned my gun on the Hitler's and screamed FUCK WHITE POWER. Good Americans grieved at the news of the Oklahoma City bombing. Hitler's father and mother kissed while the Nazi flag waved on the backyard flagpole.

I was at work and I was shocked most of this racist shit was almost a joke to me. This Mein Kampf that Adolf asked me to read. These KKK books he had me explain to him to test my comprehension. But the Jews are the evil people, he would explain; I wish life was that simple. Maybe I am evil because I think they are okay. Even if they never like me I still couldn't see putting people in train cars destined for gas chambers.

Once at a party in Hacienda Heights Benito Mussolini yelled "88" thus saluting Hitler...Hail Hitler. The double eight either stands for the eighth letter of the alphabet "HH" or the 88 words of Hitler in the Mein Kampf declaring the White Race sacrosanct and affirming racist beliefs like the White Power Bible.

So there I am at a backyard party too shy to be with a girl and too stupid to just stay away from these white assholes. It is not that I hate all white people but I think the U.S. should have tested their

atomic weapons on Berlin...I have no doubt of my growing unpopularity among my peers who went on to have nice lives with wives or husbands they love...I sleep alone like I have since I was a child. I am waiting to die. I just think that if a woman got to know me she would hate me and well if you haven't been in love by the time you reach twenty five you should consider suicide as a solution to your low self-esteem. Maybe they gave me AIDS instead of a kidney transplant and only told the White Power girls...Maybe being Hispanic in a White Power Neighborhood is tantamount to AIDS or the untouchable caste.

But shortly after this real party the author was declared schizophrenic. I just wanted to drink...get smashed maybe smoke a little pot but this night was to be an intervention because every person who take prednisone or any kidney transplant medicine has schizophrenia. It is a scientific fact. I want to die every day because I see my life as worthless and unfulfilling because I was bullied by white supremacists no it had to do with kidney transplant medicine. And so now I am just waiting to die sixteen years of being jerked around by people in and out of the 12 step programs and psychiatry itself because my story is so far-fetched it must be fiction this story I am telling you now.

Aristotle and Emile Durkheim like to smoke pot and they are teachers at Fullerton College. I am shitfaced by three in the afternoon on a Saturday. I am right on schedule. This is going to culminate in a twelve step meeting or some sort of criminal investigation where the police fail to fill any paperwork and I overdose and no one calls for an ambulance. But I am schizophrenic because of kidney medicine. Or maybe I am just fucking screaming for love and all these undercover cops want to hook me up with is a whore. Yes I believe most of the Nazis in my neighborhood are officers of the law. But they are not here to serve justice. They aren't even here to serve me a beer or a rum and coke. They are here to bully me like they always have and I will always salute Columbine I wish I had turned my gun on them in the desert. Columbine is no laughing matter and neither is what happened to me that day or the following days until I was locked in a mental institution. I don't know who was worse that night the visit from Doctor Bob or the denial of Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini. Whatever happened, it was my fault.

As the night went along I became more drunk because this was in fact a college party with is a high school party on steroids. But I am pressured into drinking and that makes me an alcoholic...I smoke pot once or twice and that makes me an addict. But most of my insecurities come from my adoption and my sister who was adopted. She was friends with the Nazis...but they were the only people who wanted me around after high school. She was a shit bag...My parents did the best they could and she was under the assumption that white was better than brown. Or maybe when shit went down with her and my dad she was telling the truth and I wasn't a witness. Or perhaps she wanted to put ideas into my head because the Estrada's are evil people. A family that takes care of a kid with chronic kidney disease sounds evil to me but I am schizophrenic.

This situation happened before high school and I think to this day that most women would rather be lesbians than have sex or be in love with me because I am diseased. I am well into the keg and Hume's father bought. Baseball was on the television in the dimly lit living room. The Dodgers are playing the freeway series against the Angels. I am sauced so everything looks interesting by 4 in the afternoon on a Saturday. It is early July and this is a graduation party for David Hume. It is the third inning and I am drunk. I don't get baseball. It is the hick American equivalent to Cricket. The crowd begins to wave and I can hear the dull roar through the TV. But this time my brain is on repeat it is a symptom of being drunk. My brain is on repeat...reiteration in my synapse. I stumble outside, unaware who was batting or how many strikes had been thrown so far. I am drunk. This is a common occurrence...being drunk and drinking someone else's alcohol.

For a party there isn't much going on, they assure me that this is only the beginning and I may have arrived too early. I don't remember if I ate today. Isn't it the way it is when you drink too much you go to a party and they fail to feed you and if you ask for water they give you vodka...are there people in the backyard? I am too drunk to know if there are people here but there is my teacher Socrates he is burning a joint with Emile Durkheim. Would they kick down? When I have been drinking it is easier for me to ask for things. I become more social but who doesn't? They smoke me out. Later everything that is and has been happening to me is going to

be blamed on my kidney transplant medicine. It won't be blamed on the marijuana, the beer or even people but on medicine that is not mind altering. But this is no ordinary graduation party it is an intervention where peer pressure is blamed on the one who is being pressured to drink and I continue to drink because I have no choice it is what I am being given...who takes the blame? This is a college party and they must be smarter than I. Adolf Hitler drives a black Jeep Wrangler.

The sun is going down but I have just begun to come up. Marie Curie is in the backyard with her daughter. A couple of the other teachers are there. It is all sort of a menagerie of people who have a cocktail party attitude at a college kegger. I am like Hyde, so talkative, so uninhibited. I think I drove here by this time I could leave and no one would object. But as the night and years go on I will suffer abject humiliation just like when I was a child...if you don't know in the end the bullies win. They get to be in love...I am banished to a place close to the corner geekdom and lush, wondering if I am an alcoholic or just drinking to let my inner asshole out to be noticed by the ladies. Marie Curie's daughter seems to have a delicious ass...I am such a pig. In a bit showing up fashionably late would be girls I went to Catholic High School with and tonight I would be able to say something no matter how moronic it may be it is something to say to these beauties.

Another cup of lager and then a mixer with coke...Whiskey? Maybe someone would fall in love with me posthumously. I like F. Scott Fitzgerald...the romantic myth of him and Zelda Sayre. Maybe by this time I have had some pizza or some barbeque but I can't remember but I do remember I smoked out with Socrates and Durkheim. Zelda Sayre is here with a couple of her flapper cohorts. She is just about the most beautiful woman I have ever met. If I wasn't drunk I would remember this moment forever but Zelda and I went to High School together. She was just so beautiful then and now I am so drunk that I think I may talk to her and the other flappers. She walked in the Billie Holiday and Bessie Smith. There was Cleo Brown and a few others but maybe we both forgot I was running with the Hitler Youth. Eva Braun would not like that I was mixing "it" up with these Catholic girls. Magda and Joseph Goebbels were mingling with the intellectuals.

Have you ever heard of the Penguin Joke? If you know what an inside joke is then you could think of this one as an outside joke, if that makes sense. In a group of people everyone but one maybe two people knows that the joke doesn't make sense and is ridiculous but the point of the joke is to ridicule those who follow along. Three penguins are sitting in a Jacuzzi after Christmas talking about what gifts they received. The first penguin got a boom box. The second penguin got a Television and the third says: "I got a fucking microwave." Cue laughter. Everyone laughs and then they turn to the person who has heard it for the first time: "Why is that funny? You must be fucking retarded." And then they laugh at those who are singled out.

Maybe Racism in my neighborhood was just like that. All these white people knew that it was a joke, except for Dave. And I am the one who got fucked in the ass because of it. Or is it that every white person knows that Civil Rights is a joke? Mussolini is talking to the Pope and I just slapped Marie Currie's daughter on the ass or was that Zelda and did she just say oh in delight or ouch in discomfort not because of the strength of the slap but in disgust of the slapper. Zelda is just so beautiful.

"You're so shy you need to go dancing she says to me."

How did I get here to be talking to Zelda and why hasn't she walked away saying that I am stupid I'll never get it. Which I don't women like confidence because when you start to make a home with them it means you are more adept to talking and haggling with your bosses or realtor. I just think I am too much of a piece of shit that hitting on chicks in dance clubs is tantamount to soliciting the royals for a sleepover in a seedy motel. She just wants me to get out more otherwise I may turn out to be a forty-something shut in.

Billie Holiday chimes in: "You have to go." Dancing is the way she gets her rocks off and relieves some stress. It just seems for me that this and well any sort of social situation is the cause of stress. But from her point of view it is like exercise. I just think I am so ugly and I would get laugh off the dance floor and out the club. And why are they being nice to me what is it are they up to something. They are so beautiful do they want me to go out so that they can introduce me to my type...because they are way above me.

Delegates from the land of the rising sun were not invited to the Aryanfest that night...The Showa Emperor Hirohito? I should have been with them getting bombed. But I am not Asian so I am stupid...or was it that when I was a child I didn't pick up on people who were trying to tell me something without spelling it out. Like: "She doesn't like me but she likes you, David." But that would be too easy...just to put yourself out there first, knowing that I think you hate me just because I am a piece of shit.

It wasn't an Aryanfest per se; it was more of a microcosm of the impending race war. And for the years to come I would be the soul being fought over to be saved. Or was it that I really didn't like Christians...

Well you must see that I was raised Catholic and last time I checked anyone who believes in the teachings or the divinity of Christ is a Christian but some of these Aryans thought I was shit. I was not Christian not like them because I didn't go to their church and frankly...I don't believe in White Power Jesus. But really I don't believe in anything divine. I think that if one person is divine then all people are divine. But really anyone who knows about my community knows that most of the trouble comes from a religious university in La Mirada. Inclusion into a community of believers is tricky for atheists because they don't believe what you believe...Maybe at best they understand the need for rules and laws but what god ever saved you from the bullies at school. They must have god on their side...like the Nazis in my neighborhood. God is only greater if you have greater numbers of people or bullets. Maybe the Christians will seek me out like Frankenstein with torches and pitchforks in the dead of night. Surely someone like me cannot live in their neighborhood.

We could blame all this on drinking but really where is my responsibility? The actions and words are mine alone. So in the backyard was a menagerie of people, it was for all intents and purposes a human zoo and I was the howler monkey. Things are going to hell in a hand basket. Someone hired Timothy Leary to spin records. I can barely think and this guy is kicking the jams. What is he thinking? I should go back inside.

“Lush” says Rene Descartes father of the Cartesian coordinate system...father of modern geometry. “That’s what you are a drunk and a terrible one at that.”

He is right I won’t even argue. I just pour my Jack and Coke and walk outside or maybe I say fuck you. I don’t know I have always sucked at life and Rene is so much better than I at everything. I am just waiting to die. See after I had a transplant they said it would last for the next twenty years if I was lucky and really I think I am a piece of shit. Descartes and his girlfriend are handsome...Me I am fuck ugly. I am shit.

Descartes was always a good guy to me it is just I tend to get out of hand when I drink. But I am not just the only one...I made him look bad before but I really think he has control issues. But I suck at life and my health is and always has been ill. I just am waiting to die because I don’t think any woman other than my mom would want to have me around being sick all the time and drunk too. And so time goes by and I drink because I don’t fit in here or anywhere. And my thoughts are twisted, distorted I see myself through a broken mirror. It would be best not to look at myself. To throw the mirror away and ask others what they think of me...let me stop talking about myself. What do you think of me? I think I have a problem. I think I am gross.

It seems that psychology is popular among this crowd maybe I should have excused myself before someone showed up with the coke...Not Coca Cola; cocaine. There are many labels for what psychology calls distorted thinking but frankly it is just shit to sell books. Psychiatrists want to fill prescriptions and bill you for something your family used to take care of; listening to your problems and giving you something to calm your nerves.

Ten styles of distorted thinking...

Black and white thinking is sort of throwing the baby out with the bath water. Instead of taking the pieces of our lives that can be salvaged and discarding the rest we throw everything out the window. It is also known as all or nothing thinking or creating a catastrophe out of a stubbed toe or building mountains out of mole hills but really have you gotten the idea of what is going on at this

party. I always thought I needed to change my life that it wasn't going the way it should which leads us to the next style.

Should statements...My life should go this way or that but never am I happy with how it is because our society puts such an emphasis on perfection and change being good. But sometimes the old adage should stand if it isn't broke why fix it. I should have done this at that party all those years ago: "Fuck off you fucking fascists. I am going home."

Overgeneralization...Saying things like all Nazis should have been executed after World War Two. But really it is making all statements like all neo-Nazis are evil. I am sure there are some of these shitheads who send flowers to the families of boot party victims. There is so little love in the world for people who went to the wrong parties or were in the wrong place at the wrong time. David Estrada pissing in the bushes of David Hume's house is where I was doing the wrong thing at the wrong place and time.

I was all coked out, smoked out and drunk and needing to use the toilet but well I am a guy and really don't need a toilet all the time so I went in the bushes. Almost falling over Che Guevara stopped me from falling into my own piss but I pissed on his leg.

At some time during the night I was tied up in a bedroom by some men. This will happen many times during my life by vigilantes. It wasn't even a citizen's arrest because these people had no intention of calling the police. They were holding me hostage. But they were members of the KKK so it was okay.

Mental Filter...picking out the negative details like a bunch of Nazis are holding me hostage at the Hume residence what am I to do. What had I done to get this sort of treatment? Why is some asshole asking me if I like 'Star Gate'? It was a good movie but do the heavy hitters in Hollywood party in Whittier. There is a Confederate flag on the wall and a poster of a guy in daisy dukes eating custard. This is a sick party. I think Timothy Leary wants to suck my cock. There are so many negative things happening that I forgot about Zelda Sayre beautiful Zelda with her black hair and great smile. Although I may be a shy hetro-boy this family is out and about when it comes to their homosexuality but isn't it that way when it comes to the White Power movement. Maybe the Hume Family has

nothing to do with the overthrow of the American government and the Oklahoma City bombing but Adolf Hitler loved it when I gave him that wad of dollar bills from the house.

Magnification...we covered this earlier and really shit is hitting the fan because I am tied up in the room and something happened more than just a wad of cash is missing. But I don't have it anymore I gave it to Hitler. I don't think Zelda will ever want to see me again. Beautiful Zelda...maybe it's just the drugs talking but she is hot. I am a dirty (dirty) pervert cruising the junior high for poon.

Magnification says that admitting that I am this way even in a joke gets me listed on the FBI's most wanted. Just so you know there are listening devices in my house and car and anything I say anywhere can and will be used against me because I am a piece of dog shit. Castastrophizing leads me to think of my eventual suicide once a day since this happened and I couldn't exactly remember what I did wrong only that I was wrong...defective, broken and unfixable...totaled the insurance won't pay to fix this shitty disaster of a human. Waiting to die because my kidney will fail soon because of the way I live my life.

Emotional reasoning..."You need to hit your knees every day and thank God for your kidney transplant." Who the fuck is that Fatty Arbuckle? How did I get here why is everyone at the party standing in a huge circle talking about feeling and who the fuck is this fat fuck fatty Arbuckle? Who is he to tell me what to do? I prayed for death and it never came...I don't think God listens to me. I reason that I feel like a piece of shit so it must be true that is how everyone in the world perceives me...a huge piece of shit. A worthless human unworthy of love, I stand in the back yard wondering what I have done because it is always my fault and they can't take me anywhere.

And here I am discounting the positive...Zelda is here with some of her friends. I haven't made such a bad impression or is it that I am too drunk to notice that she finds me disgusting. But I don't read minds and I am standing in a circle. I don't know what is going on. My friends tell me to say that my name is the person to my left. What is this about? What is going on? What conclusion should I jump to?

With the full knowledge that I am in deep shit, I say my name is Steve. And so I ask who the hell the Fatty Arbuckle is? This huge guy is asking me questions like he is in charge of the show and it must be midnight or something. It seems like it is all my fault whatever happened. I should have just driven home but I think I lost my car in a poker game after I was given cocaine. I mean you only live once...my excuses grow exponentially.

And like every great drunk I leave things undone.

"Just a second ago you were Dave. Now you are Steve. Which is it?" Mr. Arbuckle asks me. I don't know what he is talking about I just want to go home. I am too immature to comprehend what is going on so they ask me to wait in the front yard but I am not supposed to leave so they have someone watch me...

And as I thought about Zelda, Frieda Kahlo, Billie Holiday, Diego Rivera and a couple of other people at the party that either I went to high school with or college I was now under the impression that the Nazis who lived in my neighborhood who I thought were my friends were not...by no means did these people like me. Or am I just blowing things out of proportion. Maybe they caught me stealing cocaine and now they were having a mock trial because they couldn't call the police. But they could call my family and as they had their mock trial or whatever they were doing I sat on the driveway next to a Camaro and passed out. But as I fell asleep on the concrete I died...

I overdosed or was it that they were exaggerating and they didn't need to call Mahatmas Gandhi to resuscitate me from my death. I know now that the world would be better without me polluting it with my soul.

Maybe god never loved me because he didn't take me with him that night and left me to suffer the subsequent weeks of panic attacks and psychological battery from the teachers at Fullerton College for being an idiot...who hated himself since he could first form a memory.

"I'll be your Zelda." She said as she was leaving. But like every great love story goes she was talking to the guy behind me F. Scott Fitzgerald. David Estrada would never have a Zelda...

Jacques Cousteau was one of my instructor for zoology and he talked as though and made me think that I had punched a girl with a rare disease similar to hemophilia but girls cannot have hemophilia because it is carried on the y-gene...I killed a girl named Christmas? And the doors would lock around me and the opportunities I thought I might have for a bright future would burn out like a 30 watt bulb in a retirement home with no one who cared enough to replace it. As every great Sheriff knows is that death is the reward for stealing cocaine from drug dealing DEA agents. In case you didn't know every drug dealer is a DEA agent. That's why the Sheriffs kill you if you steal from them.

"He was the only one going through the rooms." The DEA agent said at the trial in the backyard.

Galeazzo Ciano liked drugs more than I but because he was cool and a member of the Hitler youth no one accused him of stealing the coke. Girls like coke because it makes them horny...

Mussolini's brother would not be accused and he probably got away with the coke. I don't believe the actual police or sheriffs were called that night but I was told to go to church...?

Someone told me Merry Christmas but it was the middle of June. Maybe the meant that I should Marry Christmas the girl that I killed...or maybe we were having a discussion about the actual month of Jesus of Nazareth's birth. Actual records from that time place his birth in the summer.

The weeks went by as I was tortured psychologically by the teachers and students at Fullerton College...one day I was checked into a psych ward and I have wanted to die more and more every day since then. I hate myself and I think women do to...I have never been close a woman and I am just waiting to kill myself. My life is meaningless.

And like every great Nazi movie Rudolf Hess and Hermann Göring sail to South America to perform eugenic experiments on the locals and blame the whole affair on David Estrada but frankly I still don't know what I did wrong but like I have said before I am a piece of shit.

THIS SMELLS LIKE SUICIDE AND SCHIZOPHRENIA

By David Estrada

The Blue Queen has left me. She left me to lie in the fields of White. I am drying up. The sunflowers are weeping and I am drying. Drying in the sun I fall awake. I pop up out of the grass. The grass is tall but I am not. A dwarf among the blades of grass, I stumble. The light glints through the grass as I push my way out of the field. I want to get back to the road. To the safety of the road where the Blue Queen and I walked carefree I went alone.

The Earth is a lie. The history of this planet is a lie. I put my foot onto the gravel road. If this was the northern Hemisphere this place would be called France. And I would be only kilometers away from one of the most beautiful cities on the planet. But this is the southern Hemisphere and only a few exist here as part of the free. The Blue Queen owns them by birth right but I gave her my heart. Paris is an open field in the mirror hemisphere.

The universe is like a cube where all the joining alternate Earths sit on the outsides of the box and the space in the middle is nothingness. It is far less that empty space because it is nothingness. Six different earths and the nothingness cannot be crossed by normal means. They are just panes of a window. I live on a strange earth in a strange part of the universe. I need to find my way. The Blue queen is back at her castle and I am walking through the open field of Paris. That is what some call the field of White...where the white roses grow and shepherds tend to the white goats.

The worst thing about being average height in the Northern Hemisphere is that I am grossly short here. I thought being average was good but now I know I was mistaken. Six feet plus is the way to go in the south. Too bad I am only five nine, I am the embodiment of discontentment.

I am the slave of the Blue queen and she hasn't even the manners not to strand me in this desolate field. Fuck my life. Fuck it in the goat ass. There is a shepherd on the nearby hill. I will ask him for help.

"Get out of here you filthy dwarf." The shepherd yells. "Get the fuck out of here or I will send my goats after you." The goats are all five foot and

angry. The grass that grows near the white rose bushes is sour and gives them heartburn. There is nothing really better to eat in the Field of White...

He was by definition a goatherd but calling him a shepherd is sort of a compliment. The peanut butter in my pocket is all over my hands and pants.

I walk back to the gravel road. I am really shitty when it comes to the cardinal directions...so any way I go is better than the goats coming after me. I walk...

In the north I lived with my parents, at least they said they were my parents. They had this picture of me from school, it looked nothing like me and I always wondered who this boy in the picture was and where he had gone. Did he grow to be a seven foot tall man who would be adored in the south as well as the north? He must have one day I walked past this man and he had a smile on his face. I hadn't smile for quite some time. I must have done something terrible to have been switched...what was my life like before...what was the real story of this dwarf's body. Who was I before the bureaucracy of the North gave me this assumed identity...Would I ever know happiness?

Happiness was for other people. And the Blue Queen was amused by my actions. She was happy...I am tired. I have walked five miles and it is hot. I found a stream with clean water. The Queen left me with a bladder for carrying water and so I filled it. The water was cool and I splashed some in my face. Water is an essential element for life. Life cannot exist without water or that is what someone with a big brain on another Earth might say. They would be right.

Instead of going back to the road I follow the stream. I walk alongside the water as it gently babbles...I wash my hands and pants the cool water feels good against my skin.

I follow the water as it goes downstream as opposed to upstream. Frankly, one seems as good as the other. Downstream may lead me to the ocean or a huge lake as I am not too familiar with the geography in the south. Going this way also assures me the joy of not having to go uphill because water does not flow uphill.

With the morning fog clearing in can see that this stream is flowing toward the sea. It will take me a couple of days to walk to the sea. There must be a village around here. It seems that the road I abandoned crosses the stream I am following. There must be a village around here. I walk along the stream and take refuge under a tree in the afternoon.

Tree bears fruit and I eat the fruit in the late afternoon along the stream in the fields of White. And I nap. And dream of the Queen. And her torturous love. And dream of my enslavement to this love. I wasn't always this way but I wouldn't change a thing.

I love the Queen. She is one of the most beautiful women. For millions of years many people have equated royalty with beauty but this is not the case...not until the Blue Queen. Many of the royals are so far inbred, they are caricatures of themselves. But the Queen is a beautiful oddity...the most beautiful oddity.

There was a rumor going around at the time of her birth that the former Queen was seduced by an actor from the north. The pervious Queen and King had a marriage difficulty near the time of a play coming through the kingdom and the actor was admired throughout the world. He was a marvel. He could make you laugh with only the glimmer of his eye. And he could make you cry with only the thought of crying. You don't want to know what happened when he started to cry during the performance. Some women would fall into such a deep melancholy that their husbands would kill themselves. He was only allowed to perform a tragedy for one tour. When the authorities figured out what had happened he was only allowed to perform comedies.

The sun is going down in the west and now I will continue my journey. The west winds blow a blossom out of the tree and into the stream. The blossom sinks into the undertow before I rise to my feet. Two more blow into my hair. I brush them away. I fill my canteen and continue.

The wind blows through my hair. In the distance I see a small mill along the river and a village. The Queen once told me that she had a secret name and it was surely that is the favorable response in another language. I responded with her name in my language and she said I was not far off. But the thing that a dwarf learns from a troll is that a goat tastes like it smells and they never have money to cross bridges.

I go back down to the stream and splash some water in my hair. It is hot out and the water is cool. I walk back to the path and toward the village. The breeze blows and my head feels cool at the water runs down my face and neck. I walk and the breeze continues to blow.

The village draws closer with each step I take on the gravel road. There were horses near the town brothel. The best way to tell if there is a whore's house is that there picture of a horse and more live horses than one might expect for a normal dwelling. Most of the time, in bygone eras to pay the bills the families, who ran a livery, pimped out their daughters. And the children born from the transactions either worked in the livery or the brothel.

There is an inn next door so I rent a room. I walk to the receptionist counter.

"Hello, I know who you are, Sir. The Queen's credit is good here." She passes me a key and I go to my room. The credit she is referring to is that there is no charge for someone in the service of the Queen. Even though I am her slave and she stranded me in this place, being in her service has its perks. I just need to spend a couple of days or so in this village and then I can be on my way back to the Queen.

Just a couple of days, I tell myself as I sit on my bed. I take off my shoes so that I could fall sleep but it isn't working and I lay in bed staring at the ceiling. I can hear the men at the whore house begin to cheer as the sun sets.

This universe is strange as it is...In this universe each star has a name that corresponds to a murderer in my universe. Could you imagine my surprise when I first heard them cheer as the sun went down? Could you imagine what the name is? It was such a surprise that this is what caused the fight between me and the Blue Queen.

And the men cheered for the Sun. In my universe the Sun is associated with the Son Of God or God. It was her surprise when I told her whose name it was in my universe and my surprise when she told me that each star that can be seen has an earthly human counterpart. When the Sun set his earthly form appeared and so this was a greeting. He's a jolly red-haired fat man who talks about loving each other. And they all just call him Adie for short, so you can see my surprise that in my universe the

Architect of the Holocaust was revered as a god in this world by every person regardless of ethnicity or creed. Hirohito and Mussolini rose at sunset to join the parade in the sky but kind Adolf fell to bring enlightenment to the earth much to my surprise. He reminded me of Santa Claus. He acted more that way too. On this Earth he was the bringer of love. Every time the cheered for him at his return I puked.

Every night was like the second coming of Christ. Eerily the cheers sounded like the cheers from Germans during the Holocaust. And so this has happened every night since time began. When did time begin? One side of the planet was in darkness with the human form of Adolf and the other was bright with the light of his solar form...And all the men cheered.

“Hail Hitler”...the sun knew that I was from another universe. He knew a lot about me. The 1936 Olympic telecast came through the nothingness and he watched. He was always afraid of something like my coming to his universe happening. I closed the windows and drew the curtains to wait for the cheering to stop. Clearly it was a case of inter-dimensional mistaken identity. In this dimension he burned away your worries and made a true believer out of you but in my universe he killed millions. I am clearly out of my element.

After nine words I hit 2012 words, that's it. It isn't the nicest sentence I have ever typed but what can we expect from me. It goes with this year, too bad our culture has not evolved past the hatred of the racist. And I sit in an inn in another universe waiting to the nausea to pass. Maybe one day I will believe in god when all the racists die spontaneously at the same time. What am I supposed to do the Sun told me the god does exist but still hatred exists...I guess god doesn't care much about genocide or what I think.

What do I do in another universe where Hitler is the life giving star? I can't get home and so I am just waiting for the Blue Queen to come back or death, whichever comes first. Sleep came before either one. I lay in bed snoring 'til morning came. But morning didn't ease my dilemma.

The dilemma wasn't just being stranded by the Queen but the reason for our fight. She had become so enamored with the man from another universe. She did more than just hint at marriage and my becoming king. I was more interested in going home than love at this moment. What was I supposed to say so far from home? She is so beautiful but this is not my

home. This is not my universe. How am I to make a home in another universe? If I can't get home, she would make a great wife. How does one judge that? Is there a scale of goodness? In my universe there are all these tests that men say women have to sell books on how to score with women. It is as if love doesn't exist and every romantic encounter is date rape...that she has no choice but to submit to your desire. That will only cost you seventy dollars and ninety-nine cents. Before I came to this world I was thinking of suicide.

Thought of suicide are much better than love. I open the windows after the cheering stops. I fall asleep to the sound of nuclear bombs in the distance. There isn't a war or anything. It is just the nature of this world. Nuclear bombs create a wind that these people harvest as nuclear wind energy. I tried to explain fission reactors but the concept was too ecological. The nuclear wind blows the curtains as I sleep. And so I dream of home, a life without this nightmare.

And so the morning came but I slept in hiding from the world. I covered my head with the blankets to keep Hitler out of my eyes. It is strange to refer to the Sun that way. It was really unfair to confuse the two. It was warm. I began to sweat underneath the blankets.

I got up and showered and went to eat. I was hungry since I spent part of the night puking while the men in the whorehouse cheered for the Sun. It is always party time when Hitler comes to town. There are only 730 cities in the whole world: 365 on each side of the world. Each city gets a night with the Sun once a year. The rain fell to wash away the nuclear fallout. The Sun smiled on this town and pulled some string and got the rain to pour out. Hitler was gone but the rain was his parting gift to the town. Town 221 was blessed today. The Blue Queen gave the cities numbers. It was much simpler that way. No one seemed to mind the number designations. I ate the food fit for a Queen since I was perpetually her guest and lover.

"Royal food..." The waitress was the same desk clerk I met yesterday. It seems as though she gets around maybe she works in the whorehouse too. "I know how to please a man but I have never pleased a man from another world." She did work next door or used to. Have you ever imagined something and the more you think about it, the more you are

certain that it is real? It is like lying to yourself or playing your own mind games.

I finished my meal noticing the beauty of the waitress. But I had to leave and go to the next town to wait the arrival of Adolf. It was common to be a Sun groupie but the Queen found it odd because of the name confusion and my disgust. I figured it was the first step in getting used to my new world. The next would be my royal wedding.

Zap zap and with each shock of the electroconvulsive therapy I came out of the world I was in. The other world was far more pleasurable to lying in a hospital gown on a metal operating table. Outside in the waiting room my parents waited. On my leg were droplets of semen left over from the dream and the other world induced before the therapy began. A nurse dressed in blue scrubs helped me off the table. She wiped me off and helped me onto a gurney to take me to a recovery room.

Ever since I met this nurse the alternate reality I create is about her and our time after the ECT treatment. That wipe is the closed we have come to being intimate. We have barely said but three or four words each time I come in for my treatments but she is the Blue Queen.

“Are you okay?” she asks. I nod. “Your parents are just outside. Relax and you will be ready to go in about an hour. You are doing well for the third treatment.” And she leaves. That was the most she ever said. But the other times very similar. My first episode just after my diagnosis I came to the other world and we were lovers. And after the treatment I was aroused again and left my mark but wiped myself out of embarrassment before she could. The second treatment she did more than hint marriage...it is in this world in my mind that has been occurring for several years and now it seems that it came out of my childhood daydreams and now they are out of control.

Suicide, Schizophrenia and Sploshing.

David Estrada

When you are a creep, every woman is your Zelda.

It's a mad world we live in and when someone asks to be sane in such a world one always has to wonder about them. It is often a con job that makes one believe that in a crazy world one being crazy in response isn't normal. The sanity of the individual must be questioned.

It is often said the best place to start is the beginning. But the beginning is so crazy and messed up that I always just want to skip to the part where things sort of start to even out...stabilize. But this really isn't that kind of story. What kind of story is it you may ask yourself because you can't ask me because I am not there? Wherever there is I am not. I am here and I will always be here. If I went there, there would become the new here and the new there would be here. It makes one sort of dizzy so we needn't dwell on logic.

It's a love story but isn't everything about love. If someone tells it's not they are lying. Everything is about love. And if someone tries to tell you, you are wrong that it is about sex they are wrong too. The pleasure of sex is the fulfillment of love. Even if you are fucking someone you hate you just think about the one you love who has spurned your advances because they are told or they know for a fact that you are not in the plan and may never be in the plan. If all the world is a stage and we are but players, you would always be an extra without a line. You would never be Juliet to their Romeo or vice versa. The best you could hope for is to be seen in the play at all. The best you could hope for is to leave the stage unharmed and in one piece.

Chapter 1: The Lunatic Asylum.

The fucking insanity of life is being told that you have to stand up for yourself and not to get into fights. It always seems like everyone is playing with a different set of rules so there you are making peace and getting your ass beat and all you can think is that these people...these children...my peers should die if they don't know how to treat others. But the thing is that they know how to treat people because the lie is altruism. The truth is and always will be revenge. Literally kill or be killed.

So your induction to the lunatic asylum is called kindergarten. You are five and they lock up with the monsters. Five year olds are monsters. And there is was with the monsters yet being just as horrible as the other little monsters. Some fucked up little tike doing arts and crafts to pass the day waiting for recess to go play or nap time...lunch or a change in pants because you pissed them again.

And so the lunatic asylum is the school system...starting with preschool or kindergarten and ending thirteen years later. If you were lucky you were acculturated correctly and became a social adult ready to make the world your bitch. But I wasn't thus I am the worlds bitch. Or perhaps I am being too dramatic.

The schoolyard bully grows up to be a leader.

We were five and she told me that she was moving to Paris. And I think that true love real love is discouraged...that if a man and a woman really love each other and there is some spark of the magic of true longing they send one away because the boy doesn't act the way a man ought. And so god or just some association of people are breeding you to fit into society in a way they want. And oftentimes you are not who your family raised you to be. And they say how unnatural that you spend some much time alone and you don't act the way they want you to act. And this is the new world order.

She wanted to hangout when we were five...play just the two of us. And I think about it and perhaps she was prompted by the teachers and her family, maybe my family to say; "David, will you play with me?" and then the other idiot girls ran away because I was gross...We played and got

into trouble because I wanted to make her happy...She was all about jumping rope...But love may be a game for two, skipping rope you need at least three. I had a spark genius at five it was so simple one end of the rope would go around the rope and the other I would swing and she could skip. We got into trouble because this was dangerous...or was the simply the plan so would always remember the day she choose me over the others and I wasn't gross.

Maybe if we know the nature of what makes two people love one another we can control love and mating to make the world a more harmonious place with no fighting over love? I always think my mom taught me wrong...that life is about settling. Life is about playing within your league. She tried to teach me to have hope but really everyone else pulled me down to their level where existence is the jewel. And hope is a fairy tale. Like Jesus coming back...like heaven on earth...or the idea that we go to heaven. Or the idea of freedom of belief, these are flaws in the grim reality that you are worthless. Life is a struggle for the dreamers. And if you dream of love you will always be disappointed.

Maybe we can never be what we want to be.

And so Audrey moved to Paris after kindergarten and I went to Catholic School. An intense love affair was just a whisper in the wind and if anyone knew what I really thought they would commit me to the Thorazine shuffle and going to my weekly shock treatments. But the world is made of broken dreams and settling for less than. Striving for the great and wonderful is a fool's errand.

The world is too small for the both of us.

What if you were born so that others could simply blame things on you? It is David's fault...whatever it may be...it is my fault. And I would receive the very real punishment for my existence.

I was born with a very real birth defect that really haunts me...probably for the rest of my life. My kidneys and bladder were deformed and so I pissed myself on a regular basis until high school without the use of a catheter. It was fixed when I was twenty when I got a kidney transplant. But I always remember the Nun who taught first grade would always spray air freshener...I somehow thought it was because I smelled like piss, constantly. It was probably no fault of hers but just some fact...David was

gross. Maybe she just liked air freshener. I was in first grade I took everything personally.

My sister Vivian encouraged me to talk to the eighth grade teacher Sister Euphersine...I certainly hoped I spelt that right. She would give me candy and talk to me. One day she asked so I was honest...I was there only for the candy and so she sent me away. What do I know at five...Lie and say I was there to talk to her. Why? Sometimes the truth is more dignifying than a lie. But as a man who is terrible with women I just think...she only wants me around because I buy her things...but alas I am poor I can barely buy myself the things I like. I think that is what love is about...you buy me things and I love you. Fuck, I am a shit. And then I just think that women think the same about me because I am so quiet. Maybe you are just supposed to lie to get what you want and there is no such thing as love.

So this is the beginning of my life sort of the formula...this is where I should step out and take you to where I retreated to: my imagination. In my mind I could be in love and a hero...but the rest of my school went something like this: in grade school I hung out with Asian kids who told me I was stupid. I was too stupid for the nerds so I got beat because bullies value the smart kids. They can do your work. I just got used to being by myself or with a couple of people.

I tried hanging out with the cool kids but I wasn't cool enough...so after high school I just started to get drunk to forget. To ease the social anxiety I would drink but I really just wanted to stay home to be left alone. But I was caught between the need to improve my life and the knowledge that my life with all the doctors and bullies and just being quiet...I just wanted to crawl under a rock and die. I have never really liked people or groups. I thought Boy Scouts was fun but I just didn't get why I had to hang out with the bullies after school. Could they just fuck off or die...as an adult when I heard of Columbine I thought that it was a sin these shooters would kill themselves. But really that whole fucking mess was fucked. It was a children's war. These kids were sick...you might blame it on gun control but I would say it was a lack of supervision. Maybe it never happened...and so people just are conditioned to be treated like shit and so that is love to them.

My family...My mom was perhaps the only person I cared to be around...everyone else treated me like I had a third head. Or because I wasn't assertive with women it meant I was gay. I like women very much I just think they all still hate me...or think that I am still gross. I don't wonder why women don't like me I know it is because I am shit.

What makes someone human is it the mistakes we make or avoiding our animal tendencies? Where does the author end and where does the character begin?

Chapter 2: Becoming a serial killer.

Killing people is easy...you just stop talking to them and they stop talking to you. Most people simply forget you were alive. And if they wonder how you are with me it is easy..."Wasn't he always sick?" Their minds are at ease immediately, a doctor is taking care of me and well I wasn't very social to begin with. If asked how am I? Why, the fuck, do you care? That would be the correct answer. Where were you when I was being bullied or pushed around...Oh you were doing the pushing. Yeah that's right...you don't need me...I will be leaving now, fuck you asshole. Die. Rot.

The setting for madness to unfold is rather innocuous, like a deli in an average grocery store. She was looking for miso soup. She was fair but not pale. Her eyes were brown and her hair matched. Marina...the explanation of her beauty was like a rose. She was beautiful in the way the beach in southern California are beautiful in the middle of a foggy night in winter. Vacant and mysterious, she gave me a glance that would be more fitting for a handsome doctor not a sandwich artist.

She looked at me like I wasn't ethnically predisposed to washing dishes or janitorial work. One day I felt my balls swelling with something as she smiled at me so I made a pass.

"I am usually very timid." I stammered. I gave her my card.

"It says you are a serial killer."

"How very observant you are to notice that." I sort of fancy myself a murderer.

"Why would you broadcast that sort of thing?" She backed away. "So this is sort of your calling card, then."

"Yes, please feel free." I was standing behind the counter so she stepped forward again. She leaned in and smelled my neck.

"You smell like fried chicken. How dangerous could you be?" She took my hand and took a deep whiff of my odor. "I will see you soon."

She put the card in her purse and walked out of the store. She wasn't in any rush to leave. Why would she be in any rush? No real serial killer goes around telling people they are what they are...that is just absurd. The absurdity is multiplied exponentially when you have cards printed out. And the carrying capacity is reach when you hand them out to women you are interested in having for dinner.

Most women don't call you...they don't pursue. There is just something special about the women that call a couple days after you have given them you card. It is the knight in shining armor fantasy that prevents a woman from pursuing you unless you are an athlete or a movie star then the pretense goes out the window but not Marina.

"Are you the Dahmer sort of serial killer?" She asks on the phone. She didn't even say hello." I don't want to be your midnight snack. But he was homosexual wasn't he?"

I am silent on the phone I can't believe someone as beautiful as her would say these sorts of things...what luck.

"You are sort of ethnically challenged being a dishwasher and all."

"Please don't call me a beaner."

"If the shoe fits..."

I want to see her so bad.

"Would you then be Richard Ramirez? He was Latino. I mean what about all the men in the Mexican Mafia are they serial killers or is it just the business of drug trafficking."

I don't know what to say. What can I say?

"What kind of food do you like?"

"I work with food...I am not that picky when it comes to food."

"Come on, everyone has a preference...are you picky when it comes to women or am I just one girl in a long line of victims you keep in a freezer?"

This is turning me on.

“Not that I am complaining but did you call to talk or is there a point to all of this?”

“Tomorrow I want to meet you for drinks and dinner maybe. Your tactic worked Mister Ramirez, you may seem to put off the sort of timid girl who wants you to capture her but I found you out. You will soon be mowing my lawn and tending to my backyard.”

I didn't know what to say so I hung up. She messaged me the address of a bar nearby. She wrote: I think it is best we meet there and drive ourselves because you may need your car for hiding the tools of your sinister trade...Mister Ramirez, you are charming.

I was smitten.

Since I first met Marina there was nothing innocent about our interactions. Nothing at all...her seduction started with a smile and a wink. Two months later we were flinging baba ganuj at each other on a plastic lined bedroom floor. This is how we take meals on Saturday nights.

But I am getting ahead of myself. True innocence comes from a purity that is based on curiosity. Falling in love is about the mystery of getting to know someone. We sat in the bar sipping our drinks.

We sat in the bar of a Mexican restaurant. I was drinking beer and she sipped a margarita. It was festive like many Mexican restaurants seem to be. We ordered food and talked. And that was the extent of my first out with Marina. Nothing shocking...I brushed her hair with my hand after we finished eating and smelled her neck.

We drank more...I drank more.

“I'll drive.” She said.

“Where are we going?”

“No, I mean we may not go anywhere but to put you at ease if you need a ride home I will give you a ride.” We sat in a booth in the corner and she slide closer to me.

“I want desert.”

"I want tequila. We all have wants and this is a place where they cater to those desires." She smiled and we kissed. The waitress came by and we ordered some ice cream and tequila.

We shared her ice cream and some dripped on her arm.

"Lick it." She said as I reached for a napkin to whip her arm. "No, lick it."

The salt of her arm mixed with the sweet of the chocolate. And this is how it started with a dribble of chocolate Ice cream. It all started so innocently with chocolate sundae on her are. But I think I have misspoke...innocence has nothing to do with this.

When you here about this thing: this sex act, splashing, you think of people who are grossly fat. Gluttonous blobs who like to food fight fuck. But in some cases you may be wrong.

The rest of the evening was tame as we went back to her house to watch a movie. I fell asleep on her couch. She mounted me and began to kiss me.

"What kind of serial killer are you Mister Ramirez?" She went to her room. This was the first date after all but still...Was I too drunk to fuck? As she walked down the hallway she said.

"Maybe you can get your stab on in the morning."

Was she disappointed or was this all going the way it was supposed to go.

Chapter 3: Murder

One night at a party she describes my shape in the cutest little baby doll voice, “he’s just a little fucking chubby, right; more to love.”

It is this flab...but I like food. Strangely, I also like to go to the gym. I go five times a week but still I am a little fat. She says I am not gross.

Marina is fit and fine. Just a week ago I ate Madeline’s off her tits...cookies off her cookies.

Life in a deli is strange especially when you have the sort of perversion I have.

Her friend is named Yvonne and she sells Avon on the side. Marina does this as well. It makes up for the fact that she is a tutor. I asked why she didn’t become a teacher.

“Teaching this way sometimes helps kids more. Sometimes they actually want to be here. It sinks in a way they may miss in the classroom.” She said as I licked strawberry jam off her abs.

“But it might pay more, if you got your teaching credentials.” I said.

I bought little English crumpets and we were eating them when she got a little twinkle in her eye.

“I seem to be in love with a satanic serial killer, Mister Ramirez.” She keeps calling me this even though she knows most everything about me.

“I want my dessert fresh.” She slapped me.

“Am I fresh enough?” I asked as she leaned forward to kiss me with Jam in our mouths.

And this is how we found ourselves in this sticky situation. I love her so much.

“I want you to never forget that you and I have something special.”

For lent she asked me to get enough clam chowder to bathe in.

In high school Cassandra said I would make some woman very happy. Is this what she meant; stealing bags of chowder so Marina could bathe in it?

“I wanted the New York chowder.”

For anyone who knows anything about chowder, New York style clam chowder is often preferred.

Yvonne is over that means two things; Yvonne will hint at a threesome or at some point Marina and her will begin to argue like jealous school girls.

“Su novio, su matador...” She says in Spanish. “Le dice te amo después yo chupo le verga.” I know what she is saying.

The Jig has been up for some time...Marina's ethnicity. I guess she just liked to give me shit about being Mexican. Her skin is so light that most people either don't know or don't care that she is French Mexican.

It is a beautiful spring day outside but I am stuck in the deli. I smell like fried chicken. To pass the time a couple of girls in the bakery started calling me baby.

“If they are your mommies, then I can be your daddy.” Junior says this from the meat department as I walk by. Junior says this sort of thing with a pork loin in front of his crotch air humping. “Aye Papi.”

What does her husband think? Really, what would he care if I am not taking this too far?

“Baby.” She says with a smile and a wink.

I need to get back to work. I've been stealing hummus in my pants ala The Great Escape. It isn't bad to eat by the time we throw it out. I scoop it into plastic bags and put it into my pocket. It is sort of like being a freegan.

If you don't know freegans eat garbage. Often what grocery stores throw out is still edible. This is why many chains recycle food into fertilizer of pig feed. Otherwise much of this would simply rot in a landfill. Now I steal a very small portion of dips and other paste foods to hurl at my girlfriends naked body.

Soup, hummus, onion dip, spinach dip and peanut butter taste delightful on her skin with a pinch of salt from her sweat.

Boxes of wilted roses go out the same way as the expired food and I often think how beautiful the petal would look littered on the floor of our apartment. I think what a waste...all those roses. She would be so please. It would be worth the effort.

Where does one go from here? Eating chocolate sauce off marina's thighs...What was I thinking one night when the voices started again? Had I drank too much? Was this all just mental exhaustion?

My boss is the opposite of "The Bomb". Anyone who might say that he was wonderful was altogether mistaken. In an atmosphere of tolerance he was a xenophobe.

"I can smell something wrong in the deli, sir." He said to me. Perhaps it was the rotten tomatoes on the putrid sandwiches. Everyone seems to like my shit sandwiches.

"I smell fresh fried chicken..." I say with a bag of soup taped to my thigh. "I'm off..." I try to rush out but he stops me.

"Fishy..." He is a bit taller than me and rather intimidating. I dance around him and race to the time clock.

Marina wants Jambalaya on Mardi Gras. I've been playing this game with Marina for a year now.

Mardi gras...Jambalaya and then Ash Wednesday ushers in lent and the sacrilege of stealing clam chowder for Good Friday forty days later.

And this was around the time Jesus started to visit me in the deli. My mom was right the television rotted my mind and now Jesus visits me in a grocery store.

"I never told anyone to teach people to fish..." He says smiling. "It's a Chinese proverb."

"I thought it was English." I answer the king of kings holding a basket of frozen fish sticks.

"If you give, you are to give freely."

“Mayo?”

“Don’t you think the tuna fish has enough mayo?”

“Are you all in my mind?” I ask Jesus.

“That is really a question of perception and the nature of reality itself, isn’t it?” Jesus is just a sweet guy. Smiling at me the whole time he answers me questions with more questions.

“Tuna for Jesus.” The Lord takes the sandwich and walks out of my sight.

Giving freely? What about all those times when my parents told me no. What about the Lord is my shepherd? If I ask, I have a want.

“What does the one say when the Second coming of Christ is to order a tuna on wheat?”

“What?”

“Tomboys can’t cook. I’m talking out loud.”

“First, fuck you. Second, out loud is the only way to talk. You were thinking out loud.” She’s gorgeous but she cuts her hair like a dyke.

“A bob cut doesn’t make me a dyke. You’re a douche bag.”

I have always had a thing for the believers; the girls who submit. Hijabs hold a special place in my heart. I drive by a mosque in Anaheim on the way home and this Muslim girl smiles at me. There is just something special about a girl who believes. I really don’t know if she was laughing at something on her car radio or really smiling at me. Who would smile at me?

She looked like an angel in white and she smiled at me. I drove south smiling she must have gotten onto the freeway of went into the mosque.

I got to my place and Elijah was sitting on my couch watching television. The Buddha was cooking rice.

“Marina is out.” Gautama said as he added yellow tomatoes and saffron to the rice.

"I asked Jesus if you were in my head. Do you know better than Jesus?" I asked getting a coke from the fridge.

"I'll take one." Elijah said from the couch. The Buddha shakes his finger to signify his dislike of Coca-Cola.

"Beans would go so well with this rice." The Buddha said. "I'm glad I thought ahead." Elijah started laughing. I place sandwich bags filled with hummus and spinach dip into the fridge. Siddhartha takes the lid off a pot of black beans. The steam wafts up as the magical fruit is revealed.

"The nature of reality...of what is in your mind or not, is as tough a question to answer as whether or not plants have souls and are we killing if we eat rice and beans." Elijah says taking a sip of coke.

"He has a point." The Buddha said.

My most enlightened cook added a pinch more saffron to the rice which would make them yellow. Red plates, yellow rice and black beans the whole dish was as pleasing to the eyes as it was to the palate.

"Daniel Escobedo, I will take a Coca-Cola with my dinner. I like drinking sodas with my meal." The Buddha didn't need to watch his weight. He was rather average and very unlike the pictures or statues of the happy Buddha.

"I like wine, red wine." Elijah smiled. "We may be getting on your nerves but you need to be with people while Marina is out."

I pour some red wine in a glass and drop some ice into another for a chilled coke.

"Many Buddhists drink and many more holy men share stories across faiths." Elijah said with a twinkle in his eye.

The Buddha mixes his black beans with his yellow rice on my red plates.

"Salt." Elijah mumbles.

"I never add enough salt, you are right." I don't know what to say so I pass the salt in silence. I shovel beans in to my mouth.

“No, Marina is like the salt of the earth. She is no Jezebel; I’ve dealt with those in my time.” Elijah shovels rice into his mouth.

“If you thought about it enough, you would come to the realization that the whole world exists in your mind. That is to say that the mind of the individual and we share our experiences.” Says the Buddha as he serves each of us more rice and beans.

“Hummus?” Elijah asks.

“We will save some for Marina.” The Buddha said.

Chapter 4: My habitual addiction.

Some of my neighbors are elderly and they have diabetes. Most of them think they are being slick by putting their insulin needles into milk jugs and tossing them in the dumpster. They are not. Being sling slick that is. They are fooling no one and making my life rather easy. Now why am I digging through the dumpster for needles? Why might ask? Why indeed?

Intravenous drug users share needles. Many of them fear needle exchanges for fear of being arrested. So they continue to spread AIDS. I provide a service by selling needles to my dealer. I double bleach them in a hot bath tub. Insulin needles are just big enough for the average user's issue.

It, the habit, started when I was in Iraq. I was nineteen. I went through medic training right after basic training. So there I was assisting doctors as the Army and the Marines swept through Iraq.

The things someone sees when they tend to the injured and dying. The things I learned from listening to the stories of the soldiers and the locals, alike. Then as the months passed everything was supposed to calm down but it didn't and in a way it got worse. One day when I was treating an injured soldier in the street, I was attacked. That was the first time I killed anyone.

Later that day I started on the path that got me rummaging through a dumpster at five in the morning. I work at the grocery store in a bit I wanted to get the goods before I shower. I'm sure you can guess why. The filth people toss into a dumpster.

She was standing there as pretty as a picture. She had a purple baseball shirt on and mismatching khaki Dickies.

"What are you doing in the dumpster?" Marina asked me as her hair blew in the wind. She was all the things that elegance is not yet she was beautiful to me.

How could I explain that I rummage through the dumpster to find insulin needles to clean to sell to a drug dealer to support the habit you know nothing about? And it is oh so funny that junkies refer to getting high as a

habit and the rest of use call it an addiction. Are nuns in the habit of wearing uniforms? Someone once told me that when I grew up I would wear a name tag and I do.

I think god once told me that my only girlfriend would be a whore and so I stopped talking to him. It was sort of offensive...everywoman you will ever met will never love you...there is no such thing as for better or worse.

But I am just a loser who is digging through the garbage for insulin needles to sterilize and trade to my dealer for smack. The duality of worlds is so funny...smack: heroin, smack as in talking smack: talking bad about someone...Smack: to hit someone. But I am trading hypodermic needles for heroin. But then again your favorite actress could be your heroine? So would the man need to wean you off someone you who brings you joy? What if your habits don't harm anyone or yourself? Marina brings me joy but I can't get off the junk because of the bad memories of the war.

I've often been told I waste my talents but I think that the true talent God gives you is sperm...or eggs and well who needs more of me? Marina and I don't even talk about children. I like children just fine but the world is such a cruel place. Who needs more people making things worse?

I found the needles and now I am going to take a shower. I need to get ready for work. Her name is Wendy and I have no idea why she is at my door but Marina is talking to the neighbor. As I approach they stop talking. Wendy just walks away without saying hello. Usually she is very friendly, I am not.

Who would blame her I smell like dirty diapers and have a milk carton of used syringes under my arm Wendy knows what I am up to...no good. The amount of bad that I am capable of is astonishing to most.

After I shower I smell my skin and it smells like beans. I have this idea in my head that because you are what you eat I smell that way. My pants smell like fried chicken. My work shirts smell of mayo and I smell like beans. It may just be the oils in my skin are reminiscent of the oil I use to fry beans. What do I do or where do I go to escape my thinking?

My cleanest clothes still smell like the fryer oil or the roasted chicken. Putting on my shoes feels something very close to the feeling of putting blocks of lard on your feet. It is better to go into work smelling like food

than dirty diapers. No matter how clean I get my shoes they still make a slushing sound as I walk or do anything with my feet.

The dreams bother me...they aren't even dreams of the war. The dreams are of wild things like being a coke mule, a botched surgery where I have car stereo equipment put into my peritoneal cavity, resting in the empty spaces where my organs should be and living for only moments after the surgeons finish, or being turned into a cartoon character and dying in some gruesome way...too gruesome for a children's cartoon. Too gruesome not to do heroin at night to keep the dreams away, the nod brings a dreamless sleep.

Anyone could do my job which is why I always wonder why they don't fire me for being barely conscious. It is 9:00 AM, an hour ago I was in a dumpster searching for used insulin needles and now I am in a grocery store deli putting frozen meatloaf into the oven. At forty-five minutes I apply a ketchup-like sauce and bake for ten more minutes. I am rarely late and often early.

The sweet smells from the bakery waft over to my sandwich counter. It is a strange world we live in where a man in a deli believes he is visited by prophets and gods while he is making fried chicken or dinner for his girlfriend. Couldn't they visit me when I sterilize needles, wouldn't that be the time they should intervene?

"I will cut you if you don't watch yourself, man." My boss spent some time in the pen for drug possession in the seventies. There she was at the tail end of the summer of love, a hippie freak, being thrown in for LSD. Someone once told me that we smell our own maybe that is why she insisted to the store manager that I was a good choice. Iraq changed me in a way she could feel. Like some psychic connection that many people will tell you doesn't exist and is a very dangerous way to think where communications are concerned.

Now she is a sweet fifty-something telling me to put chicken in the oven. She has a small tattoo on her wrist and you would never notice it if she didn't point it out. The things in life we point out say more about us than the things others notice on their own.

Spices are expensive so I steal them.

She wanted me to make her a beef jerky teddy so I stole a couple bottle of teriyaki for the soak. She's so weird...food fucking gets her off. I am just happy she doesn't mind the flashbacks and the heroin, mostly the heroin. I don't get why someone so beautiful would put up with a shit like me. My mom can't stand me. The dirty needles, the cleaning and the sterilizing of said needles it would drive most women crazy but Marina doesn't mind so much. Maybe when her man came back from the gulf with all his body parts and three quarters of a brain she made the best of the situation she found herself in.

A situation where the shy boy in high school turned into a tough guy in basic training, shipped off to a war that many people don't understand and came back a crackpot. I am a junky with shellshock trying to blend into the background of the atmosphere of the early twenty-first century. There is a common misconception among many, it's the; 'you don't understand'. Marina does. Or at least she fakes it, playing along for the sake of love.

I issue myself three times a day. At work I hide a small amount and a rig in the wall of the restroom behind some plumbing. I don't like to carry. In case I get stopped I just want to be cautious while breaking the law. I am conflicted whether I break the law or get help for this, whatever this is.

Most of the shit I steal is very akin to stealing office supplies. Teriyaki from the meat department in plastic bags hidden in my pants, every thief minimalizes his deed as 'I have done worse' or 'I could have gotten away with so much more'.

I hit the plumbing and I am off for the day. I compose myself in the toilet and then clock out.

Chapter 5: Clean Dirty Needles

It is my day off from work but it is just another day to hustle. I have to be very careful when cleaning the needles I found in the garbage. I double bleach the syringes in hot water. It is a very precarious method because I have to pull the plungers so that I can get the water into both ends and so that it dries effectively. This would be that appropriate time for Moses to come visit but nothing. Just a tub of water, bleach and insulin needles from a tenant in the other building, I wade my hands avoiding the sharp end.

I drain the tub and allow the hypos to air dry. I wash my hands and go make dinner for Marina before she comes back from work.

“Hey.” This guy standing in the living room looks like a dirty bum save the robes but this is the modern age and I bum might fit in...in robes.

“Why?” I ask the man with an unkempt beard and a layer of filth on his skin. The filth was flaking off and landing on the carpet. “Who are you? What grave have I walked on this time? Why do you want to hang out when I am cooking shouldn’t you guys care about the smack addiction?”

“Strangely, it is not the consumption that we care about but the production, strange.”

“Who are you? Wait no I don’t care...just get out.” I motion towards the door. “Out!”

“Diogenes. That is who I am.” He picks a tomato off the counter and walks out. “I just wanted a tomato.”

“Salt? Do you want salt Diogenes?”

“I would love some.” He left quite amicably for one of these prophets from the recesses of the folds of my frontal lobe. I just gave in a shaker I stole from Carl’s Junior last week. I love these plastic salt shakers.

I like making homemade salsa. It is sort of chunky...bits of roasted garlic and onion. I left the door open and Diogenes is standing outside eating a

tomato with salt. I open the window to allow the breeze and Diogenes' comments in.

"If you were thinking I had something to say you are wrong." He says with a bit of tomato dribble on his chin.

"Why are you here, then?"

"Again, I came to eat a tomato and supervise your salsa production. We know full well that you can cook...being the supervisor cook has its benefits." He says shaking what little of the tomato he has left in his left hand shaking a bit of salt on it and shoving the rest of it into his mouth. "She doesn't like your cooking because it's that great but because you are the one who makes it for her. It is more about you than you think, sometimes."

We are having burritos tonight and I wanted a good salsa to go with a red sauce I bought at the store. I like it when she is wet so I figured my burritos should follow suit. I decide to make Spanish rice with a green sauce for purely aesthetic reasons. Green rice lay next to a burrito with a white tortilla and red sauce. It might be a good veggie meal but I was thinking of putting a piece of chicken on the plate.

"The truest fallacy in life is to think that absolutely nothing is about us."

"Goodbye." I closed the window on the idiot.

When Marina gets home we eat and other things...

No matter how much good, kinky, bizarre or loving behaviors we indulge in, I still fix before I sleep to keep the dreams away. If I let the dreams come back would I dream of my love?

I could just see a doctor and talk to him about my dreams and the meetings with imaginary friends. Wouldn't that make things better?

I wash the red sauce out of my loves hair and dry myself off. She walks out of the bathroom and I fix on the toilet and dispose of the used needle in an empty milk jug so that I can recycle it later. The clean needles are in a cigar box awaiting delivery. I stumble back to the bedroom to pass out next to Marina. In the morning I may promise her that I will seek help but that promise is as empty as I am.

The fool thinks heroin is cool. It isn't. I just don't want to talk to a psychiatrist about all my problems. I did shit in Iraq that needs to stay in Iraq. Shit that needs to stay in my head and out of yours. I try to think of reasons to get clean and seek professional help but even thinking of dead rock stars doesn't dissuade my fix before bed because I tell myself that I have it in control. I can control it because I control the dosing of others in my care. Rarely does anyone have anything related to drugs completely under control.

Chapter 6: The Sex Chapter

The author has always been fascinated with homophones...

It sounds similar.

What can I say?

Sex

Chapter 7: Glutroicide.

Death by food brings to mind a scene from a Brad Pitt movie or the mishap after a gastric bypass. Stomach acid pouring into your body cavity but what about diabetes? A customer slipped on a crushed grape and smashed her head on the corner of one of the fruit tables.

She had fallen face first into the table, hitting and puncturing her eye. A loose piece of the table fixture lodged in her eye socket. No one knew what to do...I wasn't there that day. She died from blood loss from lack of attention. If I were there she would have been blind in one eye but she would have lived.

"Danny?"

"What did you hear what happened on your day off?" I heard and it was the fifth time one of my coworkers told me.

"No, what happened?"

This asshole standing in front of me should respect some personal space and back the fuck up but he is so excited...

"Uh huh." I nod. "Yeah." Then he says the funniest thing he has ever said...

"The ironic thing is that she was one of the teachers from the school who helps the blind kids be more independent." That is the first time I heard that from anyone.

"What?"

"Yeah, Danny, I need to get back to the check stand, later."

I bowed my head in thought about the death of a lady who help blind kids to see and how she didn't see the grape she slipped on. The scene was thoroughly cleaned while the store was shut down for several hours yesterday. Many of the things in my life seem to revolve around the stealing food from my job and sticking needles into my arm but this one day when I wasn't here I could have saved someone's life. Even if I were

high I could have stopped the bleeding and stabilized her until the ambulance showed up. Alas that was not the case.

“Where were you yesterday?” I ask. Jesus is slicing bread for sandwiches.

“You were diagnosed with schizophrenia and honorably discharged from the Army...they blamed the onset on post-traumatic stress disorder. After everything you have been through, you still think I am actually working here with you?”

“Jesus has a point.” The Prophet says as he walks past the sandwich counter.

With junkies you will find a common thread...we lie. I fix a couple of times a day...at work, twice and one at home but I have it under control.

“No you don’t.” I ignore Jesus and walk to the men’s employee toilets and hit the plumbing. There are couches on in adjoining break room and that is where I nod for a couple minutes to regain my composure to resume work.

The sandwich bread is uncut. Jesus is not at the sandwich bar. Siddhartha is not sweeping the floor. It is just a grocery store deli and I need to get work. I just got here and I have just come back from break.

The toilets smell as a man would expect...like piss and tobacco smoke. Like a smoker couldn’t be bothered with aiming his phallus with one hand and hold the cigarette in the other...pissing and dropping ash on the floor because he didn’t know or even care about the bathroom or other people who may come to use this place. Like a roadside burger joint with shit smeared on the walls because of bad service. I just wanted somewhere clean to shoot up.

My dealer told me he trashed a bathroom because he didn’t like the service. But what he was really saying is that the girl behind the counter had the wrong color skin, the bad attitude was his problem.

The donuts have such a sweet smell...this sugary and chocolaty smell floating through the air. She is the baker today...it was years ago and I never saw her that day but she worked in that hamburger stand. Did she clean the shit off the walls?

Araceli is flipping the donuts with drumsticks. The fat from the donut fryer is the strangest sort of smell...the sweet and the fat mixing in the air. We don't speak more than pleasantries but I imagine that her personality is like a mixture of savory and sweet, like a kiss after she slaps you for saying she has a nice ass.

"celi?"

"I have work to do, you have better things to do than be back here."

"You don't even..." She cuts me off.

"I know what you are thinking and so does Marina."

I thought chicks weren't mind readers shows what I know. People wouldn't make money if it weren't for make believe like psychics, palmistry and professing your sins.

The problem I have in my head stems from the use of language. The use of jargon and then the use of argot, a sort of obtuse hidden language, confuse me so much so that I become incoherent in my own thoughts and words. It is not the actual meaning that tears me apart but the hidden one. The meaning that comes with a wink, divides me. Literal meanings are drawn and quartered and then I draw a conclusion from what is left over. Bits that meant something together still seem to hold relevance in my mind.

The assembly of an algorithm using a fragmented mind makes my mind sputter and fail. Thinking is problematic for the average person, triply so for one with such thin reasoning skills as I. The day has gone by and it did not take me with it. At least work is at an end. Sometime when I wasn't paying Araceli left leaving my pride hurt. I don't know why Marina or any of her friends put up with me.

Chapter 8: I hate my chaps?

“I’m not a cowboy. Why did you make me chaps out of beef jerky?” You can imagine what I am not wearing. A chubby junkie and a chubby-chasing splosher make a fine pair.

“I want your trouser meat.” She says with a gleam in her eye. The sort of gleam that says soon she will hide the fact she’ll stop taking her birth control or start putting holes in the condoms and ask me to get clean for the baby; the kind of gleam that ruins the party for a junkie like me. It is only fitting that she made pseudo-pants out of the jerky; seeing that is how I get most of the food I steal out of the store in my pants. I would say she is going too far but she really isn’t.

Ten minutes from now I will be washing chili beans out of our hair and body...but for the moment we are enjoying some sickening satisfaction. I may or may not puke when she tries to choke me and the corn chip she just feed me goes down the wrong pipe. This happened the last time we tried to play Cowboys and Indians...

The fear of ten minutes and a choking fit turn into a semi-normal hour of game playing.

“Why?”

“Not that again.” She says with sour cream and cracker on her cheek. “I can’t stand when you get into this.”

I stop speaking before I start and I gather the trash bags off the floor and place them in foyer near the door until we shower off the food and sex. I love the texture of Marina’s hair as I brush out the bread crumbs from her hair.

Then we dry off and she says the words that I have been waiting her to say for the past couple of weeks. “You need to kick that shit.”

“I want to.”

“Give it a try then.” She says with a long kiss to seal the deal. It seems like it has all been said before that we have settled this deal a long time ago. I

go and gather the trash and clean the bedroom while she dries her hair. I take the garbage to the dumpster. Outside the blue dumpster is illuminated by a halogen lamp hung from the eave of the apartment building. The yellow light gives the dumpster a greenish glow.

Sometimes I think that transients go through my trash, eating the leftovers of my Friday night adventures. It just makes me think about how I fit into my reality. What part do I play in the lives of others and would anyone really care if I overdosed one day. As I walk back up the steps I resign myself to the idea that tomorrow I will kick heroin.

Chapter 9: Nein is to Know as Wissen Sie is to No, no that's all wrong...there is no direct translation between German and Sanskrit...

To a schizophrenic the simplest, most reasonable concept seems like it needs a translator and a picture menu.

"Put your name here." She says pointing to a box on a form that most would find simple: Last name, First name, Middle initial.

"Know." I slur because I have been drinking today in preparation to tell these people about my schizophrenia.

"No? No what, honey? Just fill in the blanks." she says confused. Language is so confusing.

"I know." I raise my voice.

"Are you drunk?"

"Yes...I was trying to say that I drink because it helps with the voices in my head."

"Oh...Voices." She says turning to a coworker. "Give me your ID and go sit down."

"Thank you." I just give her my whole wallet and stumble to a seat near the double door entrance to the triage area. I sit in the chair and rock a bit. Marina left me alone in the emergency room. She had to work and I could tell from her attitude that enough was more than what I had given her. She had been a good sport and now it was my time to reciprocate. And get help for my apparent psychotic episodes.

And so there I sat waiting in the emergency room...having physical tremors and then the visual hallucinations started. God descended from the cracks between the ceiling tiles and began to speak.

"Do you actually think I am God?"

What am I supposed to say? I think to myself as I tap my toe. They told me I was schizophrenic and now I am seeing God. Sometimes I think to myself that education goes against God. I think that I wouldn't have any of

these problems if I had never paid attention in school. Maybe I pissed someone off and they feed me a diet high in ergot...and so I just trip and am nowhere near psycho-Ville population Daniel Escobedo.

"This is the opposite of Red Lobster. If you make a scene, they take you faster." God says with this strange look on his face that only a faceless deity could hold.

The receptionist is slightly cross-eyed but she has hypnotic breasts so I tell her so.

"Your tits are enchanting me." I yell from across the room at a full scream. I take off one of my shoes and place it in my mouth. I jump over the desk and that is the end of my wait.

I was gently escorted to a gurney where I was restrained for my safety.

"Rasputin was my grandfather and my brother Vladimir Putin but me in charge of Tajikistan...I am going to drop a bomb on you with the mind button they implanted in my occipital lobe."

Like a ragdoll turned inside out, now I have the buttons inside my head.

"There are microphones in my ears..."The nurse cuts me off.

"They are called hearing aids." He says callously with a syringe of Haldol in his hand. "Or ear buds if you are listening to music." He injects me. "I'll be right back you may need something to help you relax."

"I'm kicking heroin and I am a schizophrenic." I say to him in a much more relaxed tone.

"Good to know."

I close my eyes and before I know it I feel the nurse putting an IV in my right arm. I open my eyes to see what he is doing then I close them as I fall asleep. During the night I was in and out of sleep but one thing I do remember is that my clothes were cut off me. I drifted in and out of sleep throughout the night. Clothed only in my plaid boxer shorts and restrained I fidgeted in my restraints trying to escape or find comfort.

It was cold so they covered me with scratchy hospital blankets.

Chapter 10: They made my tomato soup with heavy water and Soy lent milk.

It was tasty. Breakfast that is. The breakfast was wonderful.

The things you think when you are reintroduced to antipsychotics. I ate chicken eggs sunny-side up with a human egg on top. My thoughts were racing and made little sense. I was testy but the food was tasty.

I ate the eggs and sopped up the runny yolk with the toast. The eggs were peppered...The spice of the food rarely mattered. I would eat spicy things or not it rarely matter to put extra spice on something. The amount of spice never entered my mind before the idea that this dish may have Visine in it.

“Is this going to give me the shits?” I mutter to myself as I place another spoonful of potato in my mouth.

Heroin gives a person; constipation and a man; cock dysfunction, so I would often take Viagra and laxative most days. So here I am in the hospital having breakfast worried whether or not I would have the shits from the food. But thinking that the food is off....or perhaps it is just my mind.

I had trots on my mind or did I have rat poison in the IV...it is the things one thinks of while coming to their senses that baffles even the most learned among us. I sipped coffee with milk and tried to adjust to my new settings. I was quarantined in this place being guarded because of my outburst and the receptionist encounter. My brain was familiar territory. In the material world I had always been the stranger in the strange land.

The security guard sang as I sipped. I waited for Marina to show but someone else came.

“The last time you were locked up you were a member of Al-Qaeda.” My mom said standing in the doorway. “I didn’t know we were related to Rasputin or that I was that old.”

What could I say or do besides just sit there and sip the rest of my coffee. I made a motion with the Styrofoam cup.

"I will see if I can get you a refill." She was wearing a black plaid skirt with a red blouse. It seems as though she was letting her grey hair show. She came back after five minutes with a single serving carton of whole milk and the coffee I had asked for. My mom had a point if we were related to Rasputin she would have been his granddaughter...Daniel Escobedo great grandson of the mad monk.

"I didn't mean to call you old. Thank you for the coffee." I mixed the milk and began to sip.

"Age is relative. Sanity may be as well but heroin, why?"

I shrugged. What could I say to defend myself?

"You are turning your body into a sewer when you shoot junk." Her slang surprised me. She must have been going to Nar-Anon meetings. Going to dual diagnosis family meetings, my mom must have picked up some slang. I really don't know where she goes but my life has gone nowhere. After being diagnosed schizophrenic when I was fifteen, I barely graduated high school. College was a chore and I was a disappointment to my family.

"Dad?" I asked.

"They are putting you in for 72 hours." She ignored what I was saying. My dad often had better things to do than visit me when he came to the hospital. He was busy making arrangements, the details of my hold and rehabilitation. "Rehab would be good for you. Marina agrees."

"Did she call you?"

"It was her idea, Danny."

"How are the buttons today?" A nurse asked. He seemed in a good mood.

"No mind buttons today. World peace is secure." I answered factiously. I didn't want to start a fight but he was being a smart ass I could fire back. All puns intended...a Nun walked by the door and my mom went to speak to her. I could hear what they were saying.

"I know a doctor if he is having religious and political ideations. It is more common than you might think." The nun said walking on. I am especially

an asshole today. These clergy volunteer their time to minister to the sick and dying and here I am running around screaming about being the new covenant and nothing would kill me like Rasputin. It is just the bullshit in my brain...if it weren't for psychos no one would take god seriously. But I could be wrong because I am the one who is being carted off to a psych ward. Society is governed by what is popular.

Lunch is served; tomato soup, grilled cheese, coffee and milk. The soup is creamy and I add crackers while I dip my sandwich into the mixture.

Chapter 11: Eating alone on a Friday night is like masturbating inside a Tuesday Morning.

The carpet in the psych ward looks like casino carpet. The place smells the way paradise might look if you held a conch to your ear. Paradise is paradoxically plaid when Venus is in the west on a clear night during sunset.

Although the brightest object in the sky during and after sunrise and sunset is Venus, the food in this Psych ward is cold and the place smells like cigarette smoke.

A man in a hospital gown with the back undone started to scream: "Tomorrow they are taking away your birthday." If tomorrow ever came who would remember that they ever existed if they never existed. How would it be possible to mourn such an event?

I lay on my bed waiting for tomorrow to come. The sun set and I fell asleep.

A nurse named Lionel woke me up for dinner sometime around seven. The rain tapped off the cars in the parking lot. They would take away my food if I didn't go out right now so I went to eat.

We, that is, the other patients and I, sat in a living room of sorts. Decorating the room was padded chairs, ottomans, a couple of tables and the flat screen television was housed in Plexiglas. I wanted more because the portions were so small and the food was cold. The walk from the cafeteria was just long enough to make the food a dissatisfactory temperature. Cold food is as nourishing as warm food, so I don't know why anyone would complain. At least there is something to fill the void. Marina would not visit for a couple of days or so; I ate to cure my woes but they would not give me seconds. I wanted to ask.

"We won't give seconds because some of you are on special diets." Lionel said. I thought he might be my messiah but I was mistaken. What little food I ate filled the void that Marina often did; what the heroin also filled to some measure. I was kicking heroine...they were giving me drugs to help me kick junk but there was nothing to help me kick ass.

I finished my food and went to my room to go back to sleep. I wasn't really in a mood for socializing. I walked down the hall toward the man with the birthday dilemma.

"Tomorrow, huh?" I say pausing for a moment.

"It was yesterday." His wardrobe makes more sense than he does.

"The day before yesterday, is that right?" Two can play this game.

He turned and went into his room I continued towards mine. My roommate was far braver than I. He sat in the television room talking and playing cards with the others. I closed my eyes thinking about the ticking of the clock on the wall. It was a soothing sound.

I dreamt that I was a mourner at my own funeral and the industrial carpet in the church looked like television snow. Heartbreak is heart break and the medicine they give you like methadone or Suboxone is kind of just switching addictions but some would argue that Suboxone was different. I took the Suboxone and they gave me antipsychotics...I was having a very hard time adjusting to what was going on. Adjusting to what I had been thrown into must have felt something like what Marina had to face when I was around. I often think that it would be better if I wasn't around. If I was gone and there was no reason to celebrate my birthday...anymore.

And so I slept and I dreamt. The floor flickered and everything about the priest seemed to be in monochrome and monotone. Although the priest was drab all around the flowers adorning the pulpit were so vibrant they hurt my dreaming eyes. He seemed very familiar like he was a manifestation of a priest I had known as a child who now came to warn me of my death.

I slept and then I awoke, cold. It seems as though the night had brought night sweats. I felt sticky and cold; I walked to the bathroom to take a shower. In the psych ward the showers were the sort that when the water started it was cold and then it warmed up to you. It was like when I met Marina; cold at first and warm later. I began to cry. Some people cry when they are happy but this wasn't that kind of cry. I was sad and mourning the loss of someone I loved. It was a perceived problem that I saw that Marina would leave me now that I am in the psych ward next stop rehab.

She was a good lady so I just cried because if anyone deserved abandonment it was me. I had been engaging in very dangerous behavior...old people dirty needles didn't mean they weren't dangerous. I could have fucked up on the bleaching. I could have used an infected needle and because of our amorous escapades given my love a dirty present.

The people you meet in here. I room with two brothers who act more like lovers. They have this whole white supremacy thing going on. Maybe it's the schizophrenia or the withdrawals but I caught them kissing. Both their names began with M's. The strangest thing is that they both had the same initials first, middle, last like LBJ. Maybe it is a Texas thing, like steers and queers, but we live in California...The strange thing is that family resemblance runs in families but they don't look alike. The older one must be adopted. Freedom of press is a precarious thing. This Russian whore told me genital warts ran in her family. I just guessed it was my lack of funds that warranted her disclosure of her condition. Condoms would have solved the problem but I wanted to save the money anyway. I have no cause to call her as such because I would have been cheating on Marina and paying with junk and a 'clean' needle. A hit for a hit, *quid pro quo*, as it were.

Everything I think, write and do by extension can be blamed on my schizophrenia and the heroin I was using. Coming down or going up I was just wrong to exist in this world. Those Aryan's would swear they were not lovers and would swear that they weren't in love with Hitler. I was in love with the flood of warmth that you feel seconds after you shove the plunger down when the opiate begin to hit your brain. And the nod, we should never forget the nod.

At this moment I just wanted to go home clean to Marina but some sinking feeling in my soul said she would rather be gang banged by these gay Nazi's than live with me for one second more. It has been a thing for a while that these Aryan's would hookup with brown girls and end their lives as members of Nazi Low-rider's. Maybe being a Nazi had little to do with the color of your skin or that one would stay like skin with like skin. But it just seems to me that if you love the Axis powers so much why didn't you move out to start another revolution? See how well received you racism and fascism is received in Europe these days. I have no right to say anything I am not Aryan. Only the master race can speak in this world.

While all this is going on in my mind I rubbed one out. The fear of my love hating me aroused me.

Cars, guns, swastikas and muscle-heads seemed what Marina would prefer to a pseudo-ideological pseudo-intellectual heroin addict schizophrenic with religious ideations. It was the schizophrenia that was tearing us apart in this psych ward. She had no clue that we were on the outs and she had a swastika tramp stamp. And this is how I felt reaching climax at four in the morning in the shower of the psych ward in San Gabriel, California.

Chapter 12: If the Nazi ass goblins get condoms, I need some Suboxone.

“So when we get out it will be time for Aryan-fest.” The lovers are speaking in the community room. “We get to Flagstaff...” they went on about some ‘I love Hitler festival’ in Arizona. This must be the reason the police need to see papers. Voting power in the United States of America could turn us back into a segregated country. The author would rather associate with the dregs of society than with a button down or blue color Nazi. America didn’t win the war abroad only to have Americans blow up their country sixty years later.

“God bless, Timothy McVeigh.” They said between kisses.

There is this huge ginger kid in the room. Huge, I want to emphasize huge.

“I wish America would go back to testing nuclear weapons above ground...then you fags could camp under a mushroom cloud.”

The best way to lose homosexual friends is to call neo-Nazis: fags. The Queers don’t want to be associated, I don’t blame them.

“What did you say fat fuck?” The little one says to the ginger kid. Huge...huge in the way a semi need a wide load sign when it is moving a double wide on a single lane highway.

“At least I get pussy.”

What could these guys say to that in my mind they are making out and saluting Hitler? I real life they are just talking about a meeting of the minds. Exercising their political freedom to gather and have an opinion different than the popular one. Although in this country it seems more and more popular to go against Civil Rights. Where does domestic freedom start and domestic terrorism end.

In my diseased mind the link between the Aids Project and the American Government’s need to keep the Races separate and eradicate American dependence on foreign drugs grows into truth. From the seeds of lies and hate grows a truth that the good people of the world need to quarantine the mud peoples.

“What are you saying?” The older Nazi speaks up with his brother’s lipstick on his own chin.

“I need to leave you two alone.” The ginger kid says and I follow him out of the room.

I’ve got issues.

“Me too” he says.

I must be talking out loud.

“Me, too, he repeats himself. My name is Lance. Those sorts ruin the love of European culture for everyone. Many people think if you like Viking lore too much you must be a neo-Nazi. I swear they ruin that sort of thing for a lot of people. Ruins, an ancient way of fortune telling, these ass-goblins ruin it.”

“They have a hidden way of talking like a junkie or ‘mason has.” I chime in. “It drives me crazy...I came in here to detox and get on my psychotropic meds and all they talk about is the cause...” What do I tell him that one night before bed they wanted me to recite their fourteen words with them? Or they keep saying eighty-eight to each other. What if tomorrow we woke up and all the music had an argot in the lyrics glorifying Hitler and the final solution. Americans glorify the death of millions and I am the one who is schizophrenic. Killing because of religion or the color of your skin seems sane in a psych ward. What would my roommates say if I told them prophets came to visit me while I was cooking food? It was good that I was here and bad they existed. “I just seem worse off than I was when I was shoving a spike in my arm.”

We go separate directions with the unspoken agreement that we are talking the first steps toward friendship. Social justice isn’t easy the way a meth whore at Aryan-fest is easy. Social justice doesn’t sell. There is a huge difference between cultural pride and the love of segregation, slavery and the Holocaust. For the Aryan’s who can’t make it to Idaho they have a place to go in Arizona while they soak up some sun, paradoxically making their skin darker. The local Wal-Mart must run out of sunscreen around that time.

The narrator feels that the Author’s computer has been hacked and will continue to be hacked as long as they both feel this uneasiness around

large groups of people who use exclusion and inclusion as a tool for individual control; whether that control is in behavior or belief. But since we are both paranoid schizophrenic who can say if I smell the right way to be in the militia?

Will the z-boys let me into their make-up party when we get out? I call them the z-boys not because they have some connection with the famous Zephyr team of skaters but because in this story and in real life their last name begins with a Z. One of the Nazi's wears a shirt that says that they love haters'. I wonder if that is a popularization of American Nazi culture or simply a love of the 'playa hater'. If it was something funny I would love haters too but when you are dealing with neo-Nazis, lynching is funny and the anniversary of Krystal Nacht is treated with more reverence than the ones own birthday.

Chapter 13: the lucky chapter.

Not everyone who loves German culture loves the Holocaust. The author and the narrator feel that every time they begin to speak on this issue it is time to delete the work; thinking that this is one sure way to get hurt in your own neighborhood.

And there I sat in the psych ward while the z-brothers grew in numbers. It seems that maybe this was a terrible joke that has gotten out of control. Maybe these Z-boys are not really neo-Nazis. And so I sat in the courtyard while most of the patients were asleep I waited to be issued a cigarette. I smoked and watched as the sun rose in the east.

As big and brilliant as the sun itself my new friend came into the courtyard.

"I didn't catch your name."

"Danny?" I say unsure of my own name in here.

"Like I was saying before it is one thing to be proud of whom you are and happy you are alive; those boys want to inflict misery upon those who are different."

"Well put." Lance had his own smokes which is rare in psych wards. "Life is already so confusing without hidden symbols and language for a war that was lost a long time ago."

"Which time?" I ask.

"Every time, the American Civil War, the War against Civil Rights, World War two, etcetera; I can't believe I used etcetera in a sentence."

The sun rose and I had a new friend and I slept in the same room as a perceived enemy. It took my mind off my loneliness from my love and the action I could have been getting if I was out. But now to focus on the eternal now leads me to sit with a cigarette in my left hand and a warm cup of coffee pressed against my lips.

I went inside the smoke break was over and others would be waking up to the smell of coffee and cold cream of wheat. The eggs were scrambled

and I peppered them to kill the taste. I am on a low sodium diet so salt was out of the question.

“Salt?” I asked one of the nurses.

“You perceive yourself pulling a fast one but clearly it is slow in comparison to what I am pulling right now.” He said with his right hand in his pocket jiggling his keys as he walked off. I sat back down and continued to eat. To eat isn’t the word I am looking for...to choke down the toast was a struggle. The coffee helped, oh did the coffee help the flavor...it was a surprising counterbalance to the cold runny cream of wheat. I missed her so...I missed cooking for her. I sulked and slurped. I cry when I am happy and this was no occasion for crying or laughing. What could I do now? I went to the toilet to drop what now came out naturally without the laxatives I had been using at home. A natural shit...something strange about this.

I wipe my ass and go take an after shit nap. It seems that in a psych ward there is a lot of nap time. Giving the z-boys mannerisms of prissy women is not fair to liberated women everywhere. Not really fair to any woman but they seemed this way...the actions that make a man seem tough are often misconstrued into the habits that immaculate a man. Absence makes the heart grow fonder...anger was growing within me as I detoxed from Marina. It was something that I shouldn’t have done but I turned onto my stomach and cried into my pillow. I fell asleep and woke up around noon time. Just in time for lunch, I ate what was given. For the life of me I can’t remember what it was I ate but it wasn’t gross.

And nothing much happened between lunch and dinner. There was talk therapy and laughing. Some of the funniest people suffer from personality disorders. They make you laugh and carry on and interesting conversation but at some point there is just something missing from their psyche...their thoughts don’t line up and they trail off into nonsense. One moment they are making you laugh and the next second it is as if they have jump track into the scary lane. And so I see her in my head in a jealous way with a man who is better than I...any man is better than me. Men are the seekers in this world and it is the women who are sought. Most men who are alone are so because they don’t act like men.

Something just eats me up inside, the something telling me I am worthless; like it is a miracle that I am with Marina at all.

“You can’t have a woman.” One of the z-boys says hold some other man’s hand. A new guy, a red head with a foul look on his face, they held hands as Tweedle-Racist started to spew his bullshit.

“Are you talking to me?” I must have let it slip that I couldn’t wait to get out, to see Marina.

“If you want to stay clean you can never be with a woman again, game over.”

“This truly must be a psychotic episode because my girl sent me here to deal with myself.”

“I know. No more women ever. You will disease the population with your offspring.”

Lance was in the room when they called for a smoke break. We went outside.

“Who is he to tell me that I will disease the population?” I say with a smoke hanging out the side of my mouth.

Maybe the racists were right I am a disease and a plague on the country. Not just my drug use but my schizophrenia...I wanted to call Marina but it was late so I went to my bed to fall asleep among the Gestapo. They were right America would be a weaker place if I had children with Marina...all the work the scientists had done for our country would go to shit if people like me were allowed to reproduce. Tomorrow I would go to the rehab for a couple of weeks. But tonight I fell asleep to the sound of those two moaning as they spooned.

Chapter 14: Eleanor Roosevelt was the best American President, ever.

Just to think a chick took out the Nazi's. It is not that socialism is inherently wrong; it is the idea of fascist nations with policies that treat what is different as wrong. Send who is different back to where they came from, at best. At worst, what is different, who is different should die.

Today I am being transferred to the rehab for a couple of days then onto outpatient therapy. The Nazis won't be coming but their stink will follow me for the rest of my life. There is nothing wrong the z-brothers. The thing about psychiatry is that you have to admit there is something wrong with you. You have to agree that you are your diagnosis...you have to admit you are wrong.

They will get out and go to an Elks Club meeting or something. But since the author and the narrator are both schizophrenic you can be assured that what is said is truly fiction and has absolutely no bearing the reality of Southern California. And so the mice wait for the end to come to them in the experiment and the lab assistant waits to kill the mouse and slice the brain into thin wafers for the microscope.

No one wants to admit they are wrong, especially doctors and the professions assigned with treating you. But you can't always be right that just makes you an asshole. And so I would be in another wing of the hospital for a couple of days and then off to an outpatient treatment and home with Marina.

Society functions at its most basic level like a gang. Who is in and who is out. Who the group favors and who the group damns. There is always a need to belong because what woman would want you if you had no friends to help you in your future goals and aspirations. Together people can do what the individual cannot or the group will not allow the individual to accomplish. So in a way God or an ideology holds us hostage. We are starved if we don't submit to the will of the Borg...resistance is futile.

Although there is something beautiful about religion...it loses its beauty when you figure out that most of the nice things happen because someone told someone to give you a break...and so there is this loss of mystery. And so I am sitting on another patio smoking. Lance will be

transferred to this side tomorrow, if his temper holds and there is no altercation with the z-boys. They didn't seem like skaters and I just don't get why hatred is so popular. Maybe true beauty is in blonde hair and blue eyes.

I sat on the patio smoking we would be going to groups and talking about our problems (point of fact the more you talk about perceived problems the more the problems become real). Gossip based on lies ruins more people's life than you can ever imagine. A couple more drags, then it is time to go talk about problems that I can't fix and thus start the cycle of worrying about things that are beyond my control. Marina had every right to worry about what sort of life I was living because it puts her in danger but some other things if you start to worry you just don't ever stop...like jealousy, and xenophobia. What was my love doing while I was locked up...stuck in here and not sticking things in my arms out there.

"I am an addict my name is Daniel?" How true is that? Why do I say it that way, that way that I am unsure of even my identity just to fit in and be accepted by the group because if they find favor in me I will do better. Social acceptability leads to a better life maybe I should have talked to the z-boys about the Lions, Elks or was it the 'Masons...being a part of something that is bigger will lead my life into true freedom and unforeseen directions. "What do I say now?"

"We are just introducing ourselves, Dan or do you like to be called Daniel." She pretty and smiling what am I supposed to do?

"I like to be called often."

"I will have to remember that." She says with a smile that has a twinge of seriousness to it. I wish Marina was here. Not that she would stay in the rehab with me but that we were sharing the same air.

The counselor looked like a picture of the Czar Nicholas' daughters...reddish hair her last name wasn't Romanoff...she was pretty, though, and I could hardly help myself for thinking so. Everyone went around the circle of chairs introducing themselves. And that was sort of the introduction to the twelve steps. Over the next few days the groups became more familiar and I adjusted.

Chapter 15: I would be a pig if, I analogized World War Two to that of a Porno. But the happy ending is that Eleanor Roosevelt bites Hitler's cock off.

Lance and I became good friends; we exchanged numbers and made plans to meet at a meeting in a few days. I would go home in a couple of hours taking a taxi to my house. I spoke to Marina and she said she would be waiting for me that day. I went home...

Taxis have a funk to them...a smell of cigarette and sex...if it was only the girl smell I could handle it but the smell of semen on the seats it more than just faint. If it was the girl smell I could get into the mood for my reunion with Marina but I am too busy smoking to mask the smell of semen.

Thirty minutes and three cigarettes later I arrived at my apartment. I patted my pockets to make sure I had my keys and wallet. My bag had some of my clothes and so I go out and paid the driver.

I walked up the stairs of the apartment around two in the afternoon on a Wednesday. With every step I became more aroused and I was sporting a semi...I had lost a couple of pounds in the psych ward.

"Marina." I called as I entered the door. The wind was blowing the curtains of an open window. It was silent except for the ruffling curtains. They cast a shadow across the floor and walls. I got to the bedroom with the eagerness of a curious lover so I was naked as I walked through the bedroom threshold.

I expected to enter a lover's chamber and I found a scene were the two of us would lie but that would be lying in death. There was a Smith and Wesson forty-five caliber handgun with a silence at the foot of the bed. Marina was bound to the posts of the bed with a pillow case over her head. Blood soaked the pillow case. Blood soaked the white sheets of our bed. She was naked and bound. I picked up the gun. I unscrewed the silencer. Marina was sliced from Vagina to throat. A swastika was drawn in blood above the headboard. I checked the clip and the chamber of the gun. One bullet was left. Her intestines were pulled out and laid across her in another swastika pattern. The gun was still warm and so was her blood. As I put the gun in my mouth I knew who it was who had done this. Heroin

is preferable to a dead girlfriend. I pulled the trigger and they took away my birthday. Tomorrow had finally come.

Boris Yeltsin and my hookah

By David Estrada

It's always about Boris Yeltsin isn't it? In the myriad beginnings your story could have you always start about the time you met Boris Yeltsin.

It was the beginning of perestroika and there I am in Moscow. If I had been killed, a place back in the states would have put up a star in memory of someone who they would not identify as an employee of the company. And so there I was a CIA agent hanging out with Gorbachev talking about a free market economy.

The joke was something about how Charity brought Hope, her cute friend. But in a free market everything is fun and games. Underground snuff film distribution comes with the territory in this atmosphere. The money is in the fact that some things are underground...that way they fetch a better price. The free market is why Nazi gangs import Mexican girls to be their prostitutes...if you can sell it. But that isn't that free in the States but you get the idea politics makes strange bedfellows. Under the right circumstances, this girl would be as procreative as a blow up doll and if you kept her clean she would last far longer. Some would justify this action saying that she would have a much better life than she would have had if she stayed in Mexico...is living the U.S. that much better?

But here I am in Moscow and they do something similar with Afghan girls. When the Russians invaded Afghanistan they called raping the girls, planting flowers. It seems that the Russian mob does the same as the Yanks and imports their pussy. And so there I was getting head from an Afghan whore in a Russian hotel and Boris Yeltsin walks into the room. There were bagpipes lying on the floor and Boris begins to play them.

I have to concede that at that I was tripping on acid in a home in the suburbs of L.A.

That is why the story starts the way it does. The house was smoke from a hookah filled with pot and as I came back to the U.S. on a cloud of smoke, my hands tingled because they fell asleep gripping the mouthpiece of the hookah. I gripped it like my cock as I was in the room getting head from Charity. Though it was all in my head, it was real to me.

The mouthpiece of a hookah is very reminiscent of the mouthpiece of the bagpipes and so I play my bagpipes. I get high and I sit low on the couch in the smoky living room. If I were outside I could smell the sea air but this is a smoky living room. I am only three blocks from the beach but I am locked up in the

dungeon with my hookah. As I blow out smoke I see the figure of Yeltsin and a dancing bear with a unicycle clenched in its jaws wearing a fez.

And then I drift off to stare at the television no matter what was on the stupid thing. It wouldn't matter what was on or if it was off it was just something to watch. Atomic bombs went off in the background as I munched on Doritos. The atomic wind blew my hair back. But maybe that was only the patio window open. Outside it looks as though it will rain at any moment. The sky was grey and the wind blew. A grey cat walked along the top of the fence in the backyard its fur blended into the grey sky.

It is the way her eyes sparkle in the sun and the way her hair gets caught in her eye lashes in the wind. She is napping in the bedroom while she allows me to smoke a little. There was fog earlier but it is a clear day I might walk down to the beach after I put out the coal and set the hookah on the patio.

And I love the way she looks when she is asleep. Her chest is rising and falling. I watch for a moment and then close the door and walk outside. I walk a block or so and notice an Elk's club. It is filled with men cheering eighty-eight...eh-dee-eh-te...that is how they cheer for The Man. They are chanting in reverence to the winner of the race war while wearing furry animal costumes as they gather in a ceremonial circle inside the club. As I pass they begin to burn an American flag and salute a German Nazi flag. I think that Germans are just fine but when it comes to white supremacy the Elks club is tip-tops. And I just kept walking toward the beach.

I was still thinking about world politics and Boris Yeltsin's place in my mind and the world. Why was I so worried about Russia? Why? When men had been blowing up their own countries trying to protect the people they were killing from foreign invaders carrying holy books attributed to an illiterate prophet. I walked into the seven-eleven to purchase a Rockstar and a three pack of Budweiser. It was a hot day and I wanted to be hydrated and drunk...and what about the man in Norway? What if the Nazi's had lawyer's like these men? Would they all be unfit to stand trial on the basis of their insanity and the sheer gruesomeness of the Final Solution would be proof enough. Can we learn anything about human evolution by studying populations affected by genocide? Do the genetic markers of that population diffuse among a new population or is there a bottleneck? These are smart things for an idiot like myself to think coming down off an acid trip just an hour ago peaking thinking I was a CIA agent in Glasnost era Russia. And there I was outside of the seven-eleven drinking my Bud with the Rockstar in my pocket.

Clara is turning tricks three blocks east giving the money to her boy Hector. Hector sells weed and other soft drugs if we could call them that. He sold me the

Acid on blotter paper. And the trip was good and smoking out was a great way to end the trip. With all the things going on along my trek I could see the true beauty of the midafternoon on a mild California day. I finished the beer before I got to the pier and I cracked the Rockstar. I sat at the end of the pier watching the men with their fishing poles catch mackerel and perch.

Sometimes the trips in my mind are the farthest trip I have gone...believing I am someone else, somewhere else.

The Origins of Alistair Rhys Chapman

By David Estrada

Chapter 1

Adam Ryan Chapman, Alistair's father, was a 16-year-old genius who worked as a woodworker after leaving his hometown of New Braunfels, Texas. The kids in the mostly German town picked on Adam every day for two reasons. Adam was a genius and he was of English-Irish descent so he was markedly smaller than most of the children. However, they did not count on him being so smart. In the second grade after receiving a good beating, Adam learned Kung Fu from a movie that he had watched only once. From that day on the beatings only increased but Adam could now defend himself properly. Adam did not like team sports so in high school he ran track and was on the swim team. At 16, the United States of America certified that Adam was a genius. He passed an exit exam after which, he promptly left Texas.

His side jobs lead him to work in massage parlors on Saturdays and Sundays, the kind of massage parlors where Pinocchio always becomes a real boy, the kind of massage parlor where Hansel and Gretel always escape from the witch's oven, the kind of massage parlor where Rapunzel lives happily in the prince's kingdom. That is how Adam was paid. Adam worked wood well. He made many time management improvements when he worked in the parlors. The owners were very happy with his skill as a woodworker and so were the massage therapists.

The massage parlors of Anaheim, California were sad when Adam closed shop. Adam closed shop because he had saved enough money and UCLA accepted him into the Anthropology program. Adam did well in his studies and went onto fieldwork in the Congo where he studied the Pygmies.

Eve Mary Lupowitz was born in New York City. She was the youngest person accepted to Yale but turned it down to go to USC. They had a better primatology program. Her parents insisted that she go to Yale and become a lawyer but she

refused and made the trip to California using money she had saved from various entrepreneurship she started as a young woman. She began fieldwork in the Congo studying the bonobos or Pygmy chimpanzees to you and me.

Eve began her participant-observer study of the bonobos by removing all her clothes and joining the community of apes. She stood out at over five foot with red hair. She lived among the chimps for 3 months.

Adam lived with the Pygmy for 3 months when one night while hunting with his tribe he came across the most beautiful bonobo. Adam promptly changed his major to Primatology for one week. Adam and Eve had no fig leaves and thus no shame. Both the bonobos and the Pygmy ostracized Adam and Eve. The Pygmy thought it was disgusting to mate with a Bonobo when there were perfectly good green monkeys, red was not a favored color in the Pygmy culture. The Bonobos wanted Eve for them and saw that Adam was more fitting so they let her go under the guise of disgust or maybe it was a culture clash. Bonobos feel it is fitting to throw a certain fermented fruit at a bride and groom on their wedding night.

Adam and Eve both being unable to finish their studies came back to California. Seven months later Alistair Rhys Chapman was born. Eve did not go to a hospital but enlisted the services of a Hmong midwife. Alistair was the first Chapman boy in centuries to be birthed standing up. His was an easy birth. On Halloween at 12 AM Alistair Rhys Chapman was born with his mother in a werewolf costume and his father dressed as a vampire.

The first year of Alistair's life was uneventful. He watched his father and mother get married from his stroller by a guy in an Elvis costume in Las Vegas. His red hair grew in and both parents realized they could not cut it ever. His first phrase was Bonobo no, no. The second was Bonobo, yes. Yes! His little sister was born 7 months later. Elsa Chapman was born on the plane ride to Nepal.

Chapter 2

With the nature of Elsa's citizenship up in the air because a flight attendant delivered her over the International Date Line Eve visited the American Embassy quite often. Eve made friends there very quickly. Marcy was a young file clerk whose husband was a marine stationed at the embassy. Marcy and Doug had a daughter named Sarah who was Alistair's age.

Adam, Eve, Alistair and Elsa lived in a small hut in the Nepalese highlands. Adam was doing his dissertation on Tibetan movement out of Tibet and the People's Republic of China's movement of Han into the region. For every nine Tibetans there are 81 Han. The ratio is growing wider at five percent every ten years. Adam would often travel to China illegally to talk with few key informants on both sides of the issue. While the Tibetans were afraid of the influx of foreigners into their country, the Han loyal to the PRC felt it was the duty of China to free all the people of the China. China viewed Tibet as part of the whole. Adam would make these trips with his friend Da'ud. Da'ud and his wife, Ablaa had no kids but Ablaa was pregnant. Ablaa had a feeling that it was going to be a boy and began referring to her belly as Tariq. No women in her family for six generations had ever been wrong about the sex of her child. There was great aunt Qismah but she was so stubborn about the "boy" that she dressed Aunt Maryam as a boy until Maryam knew better.

Adam would often leave Alistair unattended because at the age of two Alistair was a quiet and well mannered. He liked to play cars by himself most days. One day while Alistair was alone, he wandered off. Adam went to Abdul's home to pick up some seasoning for dinner while Eve was visiting the embassy. It is perhaps that day that Adam should have changed his emphasis to crypto zoology. Alistair was bored and heard a sound from the wilderness. He left the hut and all the comfort of home behind him in search of...Well, a new friend. Alistair followed the sound without thinking to where he was going like any normal toddler but the fact that he thought that he was following the sound like a normal kid made him grossly abnormal.

When Ablaa gave birth to Tariq, Adam was late. Tariq was as beautiful and unique as his name suggested. Tariq was a true star among the children of the village. Three hours went by and the sun began to set. Eve approached the Hut to find that dinner burned and no one around. She went to Da'ud's home.

Alistair being cold and hungry began to cry. He began to scream, "Mom". There was no answer. The sound that Alistair had been chasing for some time began to come near. Most animals that a human would chase would be scared to come near even if the child were crying. Alistair feared it was a Skanska tiger. Eve would often tell him stories about tigers he hoped he would be as cunning as the heroes of his stories are and escape from the tiger. Alistair picked up a rock and readied himself to throw it.

"Adam?"

"Honey, isn't Tariq beautiful?"

"Yes but where is Alistair?"

"At home", Adam said looking at Eve quizzically.

"No, he is not."

Without a word, Adam ran out of the hut, followed by Eve carrying Elsa. With Tariq, being healthy and safe Da'ud ran out of his home following Adam. Da'ud ran through the village screaming about the "white boy". Men came pouring out of their homes and Da'ud filled them in about Alistair being missing and the birth of his son. One of the Sherpa's wives ran outside, screamed yeti, and her husband pushed her back inside. Eve and Adam both turned to the scream.

"Yeti?" said Eve.

"That's a crazy idea."

Eve promptly punched Adam square in the throat. This is the second time Eve has ever hit Adam. The first time was in the Congo and the punch resulted in the conception of Alistair. Chimps often punch each other softly as a form of greeting or affection. Eve did not know her strength then and now she knew that the knock to the throat would stop Adam's breathing for about thirty seconds and give her a chance to speak.

"That is not a crazy idea!" Eve screamed.

Adam passed out, hit the floor and began to breathe again in that exact order. Eve placed Elsa on his chest and ran into the wilderness while ripping her clothes off. Da'ud and a couple of Sherpa's began to laugh as they helped Adam into his hut.

Right now Alistair is in the loving arms of his new friend, the yeti. A juvenile yeti female found Alistair crying in the cold hours ago. She figured that he was tiger bait but decided to bring the human back to the community. She feed him berries for an hour. They were so good Alistair ate too many and gave himself diarrhea. Alistair defecated in his pants. Alistair began to take off his pants because they became very uncomfortable. The yeti saw what had happened and tried to help clean the boy but the yeti is not known for their cleanliness. The term abominable snowman is an incorrect term. The term is more correct the Abominable Smelling man because yetis live in the Foothills of the Himalayas and do not live in the snow all year round.

Now nude Eve was in the correct attire to join any community of great apes except for the most civilized ones. She came upon Alistair's trail and then followed the yeti tracks. On the way, Eve began to cake on the mud and yeti feces to help her gain entrance into the community. Three days later, she entered the community. It took another week to convince the female to give Alistair back to her. For another week, Alistair and Eve lived with the Yeti. Eve took Alistair home to find Adam and Elsa very surprised, gladdened and disgusted to see them. The disgust was because Eve and Alistair were cake with cross species feces.

A week later Eve mailed a proposal to USC; the proposal was for graduate studies about The Yeti. Two years later Eve earned her doctorate in primatology with and extreme emphasis in crypto primatology. One myth that Eve's work dispelled was the idea that *Paranthropus robustus* was a solitary creature. Yeti, or Sasquatch or whatever you call them live in communities like most primates. The only time you find them alone is when they come to the rescue of abandoned human babies.

Adam also received a doctorate that year for his study of the Chinese invasion of Tibet. The Chapman's came back to the U.S. Eve was awarded a Nobel Prize in Anthropology for her work with the *Paranthropus robustus*. Government rescuers found thousands of missing children that year because of Eve's work. The rescuers gave them the choice to live with humans or the Yeti. Most of the children stayed with the Yeti.

Chapter 3

When Adam and Eve returned to Southern California, they enrolled the kids in preschool and daycare. Alistair went to preschool and Elsa was in day care. Alistair missed his friends in Nepal, especially Sarah. Alistair and Elsa went to stay with the Cardinals for about a month while Adam and Eve were away studying Tibetans or Yeti. Tariq was only two when they left Nepal and the juvenile yeti had mated and gave birth to her first child.

School is not for some people. Alistair was one of these people. He wished Elsa and he could switch places. While Elsa was sitting patiently playing with books and drawing crayons at daycare, Alistair could not keep his hands to himself or stay seated in the kindergarten class that next year? He fought everyone in the class twice including girls. He was smaller than most of the kids but far more ill-tempered according to his teacher. Miss Rochelle. Miss Rochelle was an evil woman. She smiled much too much and this made Alistair uncomfortable and anxious. Therefore, he ran around the room. Her voice was high and screechy so he would plug his ears so he could not hear her. Alistair lasted about three months.

Adam and Eve knew no alternative. Private school would not help. Home schooling would never socialize Alistair properly; he would just become dysfunctional. So home schooling it was with a healthy dose of Daycare. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays Eve would teach both Alistair and Elsa. The other days they would go to day care.

This plan got Alistair through most of the year that would have been first grade. In August, Eve planned a field trip to Sea world in San Diego. This was the year they opened the Penguin Encounter. Eve had her hands full with Elsa and Alistair was a nuisance. Eve wished that one time Adam would just put his work aside one day and come on the trips with them. This trip was the third this summer. Eve sat down at a bench outside of the penguin encounter and placed Elsa next to her. Alistair ran off to see the penguins. Eve figured that he had lived with yeti he would be all right. Alistair ran into the entryway of the attraction. It was very crowded. Alistair tried to squeeze his way inside but a fat guy knocked him to the floor. Alistair began to cry and sat next to the wall. As the crowd cleared, Alistair could see an access door outside the main entrance.

Alistair looked around but could not find Eve. He did see a feeder approaching the access door. Alistair stood up and got ready to run behind him.

The whole incident was the feeders fault. He threw the door wide open where any person could have followed behind him. Alistair got up and ran as fast as he could. Little did Alistair know this was the moment the adventure of his life began? As the door was six inches from closing Alistair's little hand propped the door back open. He looked inside, found the hall empty, and littered with stacks of boxes. Alistair ran inside, hid behind some of the boxes, and waited.

It seemed like forever. However, it was only twenty minutes until the feeder exited the backstage area of the penguin encounter. Alistair was alone. He came out of from behind the boxes and made his way to the wall that kept the penguins inside. Alistair made his way onto the ice.

The rest on the bench did Eve well. Elsa ran inside the encounter and made her way to the glass. Eve was behind her. Eve walked to Elsa and picked her up.

"Mommy, look"

"What honey?"

"Ally is with the penguins"

Eve noticed that a small child was on the ice. It was Alistair and the penguins were attacking him. Elsa turned around and Adam was standing right there. She handed Elsa to him and began to disrobe.

"Eve, let the professionals handle it." Adam said.

Eve buttoned her shirt back up before she was noticed.

The penguins attacked Alistair on all fronts. His kicks were getting slower. Adam had shown Alistair the Kung Fu movie so Alistair was using the moves on the birds. Penguins are usually docile creatures and only attack when provoked. Alistair was the first to kick but his defense was become tired. Alistair was on his last leg and pulled something out...Alistair pulled a mackerel out of a penguin's mouth. He began to use the mackerel as nun chucks. When the penguin

handlers got to Alistair, he was eating the mackerel. Tuna sandwiches were never the same.

With Alistair off at boarding school in Alaska, Elsa was very lonely living in Southern California. Elsa's reunion adventure would begin in five years but that is another story entirely.

When a snot-nosed know-it-all tells you that penguins and polar bears do not coexist he is wrong. They do live together but they do not share their coke. In addition, a penguin can kick the snot out of any polar bear any day of the week. At Saint Mary of the sacred heart school for delinquent children, Alistair would learn this lesson: NEVER STEAL A NUN'S COKE.

Alistair was committed... admitted to the school three months after the penguin encounter. Alistair was seven. It was the day after his birthday when he went to live in Alaska. For his birthday, Alistair received a deluxe engraved Swiss army knife.

A group of nuns of the Franciscan order ran the school. They waddled all around the school teaching classes and handing out spankings every hour on the hour. The mother Superior was Sister Agatha. Sister Agatha was four foot five inches tall and extremely intimidating for her size. Alistair unlike most boys his age was small. In fact, Alistair was the smallest in his class at three foot four inches tall. Alistair loved coke at home he could not get enough of the stuff. Now here in Alaska there was an awful shortage of that wonderful elixir.

Most of the children beat on him, especially girls. Keeping with their vow the Chapman has never cut Alistair's red hair. His hair was now two and a half feet long. This did not sit well with Sister Agatha especially after seeing Alistair being drug around by his hair. Sarah Cardinal, the girl he met in Nepal, would do this. She did it when they played in Nepal and now here in Alaska she did it. Her parents to Saint Mary's had sent Sarah after a yeti attack on the embassy. The Card, her alias, remembered the Nepalese adventures with the yeti. Unbeknownst to her parents it Sarah who incited the yeti riots. Sarah had learned of the Tibetan situation and enlisted the help of the Yeti to drive out the Chinese Han and give Tibet back to the Tibetans. There may have been a communication problem because the Yeti attacked the American Embassy

instead. No Yetis were killed in the attack but the American Ambassador was severely caked with Yeti feces and contracted E. coli. He was forced to leave the country for several weeks to get proper medical attention.

Sister Agatha cut Alistair's hair, which made him depressed because he liked it when the Card would pull his hair. Alistair found it fitting that he was sent here to live with penguins that dished out the beatings. Alistair learned to sit still in class after several punishments. The punishments varied from spankings to going to your bed with no dinner or even threats of being locked in the basement with the other bad children.

One night Sarah woke Alistair and tried to convince him to leave his room. Alistair was afraid of most everything at St Mary's especially the dark and Sister Agatha in the dark.

"What are you afraid of, the penguin?" Sarah asked.

"She's no ordinary penguin. Sister Agatha is evil. She locks kids in the basement."

"Have you ever wondered where she keeps her soda?"

"Under her bed of course." Alistair responded.

"Al, most people keep coke in their fridges. We, help in the kitchen and have never seen any coke in the fridge. The penguin and Sister Gertrude always have coke. Where could they possibly keep enough to satisfy their thirsts safe away from kids?"

"The basement!"

Sarah slapped the back of Alistair's head.

"Not so loud, Al. They will hear us."

Card, we can't, what about all the kids they lock down there?"

"We will rescue them and over take the school and lock the penguins in the basement with no coke. They can die for all I care."

Sarah and Alistair set off for the basement at three in the morning when they were sure that everyone was asleep. The entrance to the basement was through the kitchen and is always locked. The Card gained possession of the key from one of the kids who helped in the kitchen making meals. They were not sure if the basement door was locked because no kid would go near for fear of being locked inside. Alistair had watched a locksmith do his work one day when Eve

locked herself out of the house. To open most doors all Alistair needed was a screwdriver, Phillips or flathead, 3 paper clips and a plastic bag. Armed with the Swiss army knife he received for his birthday, six paper clips, a plastic bag and the kitchen keys Sarah and Alistair entered the hallway. The whole school had wood floors so the Card and Alistair wore only their socks and kept their shoes in hand because of the nun booby traps in the basement stairwell. The stairs were sharp so they would cut your bare feet.

“Then why aren’t we wearing shoes?” asked Alistair.

“Because our shoes are loud on the wood floors.”

The two crept down the hall to the main stairs that lead to the first floor. The first floor consisted of kitchen, dining hall, recreation room, and the janitor’s room. The janitor, Eric, was an ex-con with no serious convictions who the sisters took in because he was a reformed Catholic and could not find other work. Eric snored loud. Alistair listened for the snoring that would signal safe passage on the first floor.

“Sarah, I don’t hear Eric.”

“We’ll wait five minutes.”

“Then what?”

“We’ll go back to our rooms and try again tomorrow.”

Suddenly a roar, Eric’s snore boomed up through the first floor.

“Eric?” Sarah asked.

“Eric.” Alistair confirmed.

The children went downstairs through the dining hall they came to the kitchen door. Sarah inserted the key and opened the door. She turned on the lights and proceeded into the kitchen and to the basement door at the far end of the kitchen next to the pantry. Alistair stood frozen in the doorway.

“Come on!” Sarah whispered.

Alistair entered the kitchen as he neared the door clanking noises could be heard from beyond the door.

“Do you hear that?”

“Yeah, it’s the kids in the cages. We have to set them free.” Sarah said.

Alistair went to work on the door. He placed the handle and locking mechanisms into the bag and used the paper clips to open the door.

“Put on your shoes.” Sarah barked.

They descended into the basement where the sounds grew louder. There was very little light. The light came from an open door at the far end of the basement. In the basement, it was hot and humid. Machines were running all around them and the sound was deafening. Sarah and Alistair went toward the light. Alistair looked inside through the slit in the door and saw stacks of cokes. Alistair burst in and grabbed one of the bottles but before he could uncap it, Sister Agatha grabbed him by the shoulder.

“What are you doing here?” She asked.

Sarah was hiding in the dark behind some of the boxes.

“The Card...”

“Don’t you blame this on Miss Cardinal?”

Alistair began to turn as the Penguin loosened her grip. Next to the stacks of cokes was a fridge. On the fridge were several pictures of a very young Sister Agatha. On the wall next to the fridge were hundreds of pictures of people all smiling. In the middle of the room was a weight bench. Sister Agatha was wearing sweat pants and a t-shirt. She was sweaty.

“So you found me out, huh.” She said as she uncapped a coke. Sister Agatha handed Alistair the uncapped coke.

“Before I took my vows I was an arm wrestler.”

Alistair was dumbfounded.

"I was on the midget circuit, women's league. There was money and beer to be had. I was close to marriage. My profession did not agree with Dennis so we parted. I was undefeated that tour but I was the real loser. After the tour, the beer was gone and the money soon ran out. I had nowhere to go. I rode the rails in those days and I ended up in Juno. In a homeless shelter and always being mistaken for a child, the authorities brought me here. Trudy knowing that I was a Little Person told the Mother Superior to give me a job or the boot out of this place. Within three years after ending up here, I received most of the sacraments and took my vows to become a nun. That was twenty years ago."

Sarah was standing just outside the door and heard everything Sister Agatha had said.

"Sarah, please come inside." The penguin said.

Sarah entered and was handed a coke by Sister Agatha. Alistair still not able to speak pointed at the people on the wall.

"Those are former students here. They left to become successes in the world. That one is a doctor. This one runs a home like this in the Sahara. Not all of them did so little with their lives many of them did the greatest thing of all raise smart, happy children."

"So what, they left here when they were 18 and went off to be happy?" Sarah asked.

"It's not that simple, my dear. Every once and a while, we find exceptional kids who find their way down here and begin the real training that we offer here at St Mary's. The real work is to get you ready to leave at the age of twelve."

"You send us home?"

"Not quite, Sarah. We send you out into the world to either live with a foster family or on your own.'

"But we'll still be just kids."

"Most of the nuns here feel that you are no more ready to tackle the burdens of life at 12 or 18. I will show you how to live and be part of society and make your own contribution. But not now, the other sisters will be waking up soon and then the rest of the children. Now Alistair, go put the door back together."

"Yes, sister."

"So you can speak."

Class began to make sense to both Alistair and Sarah. In the mornings, it was algebra and English literature and at night, Alistair lifted weights to toughen up while Sarah read Philosophy to him. Sister Agatha would stand behind him helping him with the weights. Sister Agatha encouraged them to explore the world's religions and philosophies. Sister Mary Martin ran the Library. She would help Sarah find the books for her to read to Alistair while he worked out.

Every morning Sarah would wake Alistair an hour before most of the children would wake and they would jog around the School for an hour. They would discuss what they had read the night before. They would then shower and have breakfast. While most of the kids were playing outside or watching the TV, Alistair and Sarah were training, studying and preparing for whatever came next.

In the next three years, Sister Agatha taught Alistair the finer points of riding the rails, Arm wrestling and making fake ID's. Alistair did not grow in height very much those years he was four foot when Sister Agatha concluded his training. What he lacked in height he made up for in cunning and worldly knowledge. By his tenth birthday they only kid to mess with him was his best friend Sarah. All the other kids knew that Little Ali was the toughest kid around. Moreover, Sister Agatha let him grow his hair long again.

By his twelfth birthday, Alistair had a fake passport, a fake Alaska ID, a fake Yukon territory ID and A fake California Driver's license. Sarah turned thirteen a couple of months later; she lived with a foster family in Juneau. Juneau was 20 hours away by car. They would talk on the phone every couple of weeks. The foster family had enrolled Sarah in high school because of her high score on her matriculation test. Sarah did not talk much about her foster family the Egan's. Alistair knew they had a seventeen-year-old daughter and a son about the same age as Sarah. He was not enrolled in high school.

One day Sarah stopped calling. It was three months until Alistair's eleventh birthday when you would go live with a foster family in Seattle. Around that time, Sister Gertrude began to feed Alistair a power drink that contained an herb from the garden. She said it would grow hair on his chest. I do not think she meant it literally. A month before Alistair was set to leave for Seattle he had grown a full beard.

The thought of going to Seattle was killing Alistair. He wanted to find the Card, his parents and Elsa. Sister Gertrude dropped him off at the airport. She walked with him inside and waited for the plane. Gertrude was going to miss Alistair. The sisters had to up their orders of coke for the past three years because he could not get enough.

“Did you bring your beard trimmer?”

“Yes sister” Said Alistair.

“You should just shave it off.”

“I kinda like it sister.”

“You would, you would.”

Alistair and Gertrude began to laugh as the airline announced that boarding would begin with unaccompanied children, elderly and anyone else who needed help boarding. Sister Gertrude walked with him to the gate. They said their goodbyes. Alistair walked to his seat with the flight attendant. Her nametag said Nancy.

“Here you are, Sir,” Said Nancy. She thought Alistair was a grown up.

Alistair lowered his voice and said, “I Need a drink.”

“We’ll be serving drinks as soon as we are in the air, Sir”

“Alistair, honey, you could call me Alistair. But I need a drink now I’m gonna run over to that lounge and I’ll be back in two minutes.”

Alistair knew he had to leave his bag on the chair and his entire luggage on the plane. He may be able to fool one flight attendant but not a whole airline. They would have records of a child on the plane and who bought the tickets. They would call Sister Agatha. Alistair had some money the sisters had given him and went to the airport bar.

Eric had always told Alistair about the hustle. Everybody has a hustle. The sister’s hustle is being a nun. People who have jobs, that is a hustle. Conmen, burglars, killers they have hustles too. He told Alistair to find his own hustle. Alistair had to find his hustle quickly.

Alistair walked into the smoke filled airport bar. Alistair has money but he needed more to keep him afloat and get to the Card. A cigarette machine was in the far corner of the room near the bar. Alistair pulled five bucks from his pocket and bought two packs of Camels. This was not the first time Alistair had a

smoke. Sister Agatha smoked sometimes late at night you could catch her on the patio or in her weight room in the basement having a Camel. Alistair snuck one or two. Alistair packed the smokes and lit one. He walked to the bar and ordered a beer. That beard was coming in handy. On the way in, he noticed a little person sitting at a table. Sister Agatha taught Alistair the secret code when you meet a little person who may be in the midget arm wrestling circuit. It went and still does go like this: the challenger sits at the table where the possible opponent is seated. "This pint isn't so pint-sized." You have to remember that if someone is not on the circuit they will usually respond with something like, "They should have poured it into a shot glass" or "that may just last you all night". But the correct response would be to finish your entire glass turn it upside down and give your opponent the bird. There are slight variations but most people on the circuit know a challenge when they see one. After the challenge has been accepted, the challenger has two choices down the beer to begin the match or walk away and never get on the circuit. Alistair downed his beer. What Alistair did not know was that the penguins were far smarter than he was. They knew he would never get on the plane. They set him up. His foster family consisted of his challenger and other people on the circuit. The beer in his glass was ginger ale. Yes, the bartender was in on it.

Alistair downed the ale and smashed the glass on the floor. This was done to further hostilities, attract attention and let the bartenders know it was time for the entertainment to begin. Bartenders and barmaids were always in on the game. They mediated the betting, skimmed off the top and kept the showmen well paid. Most of the drunks betting on such a spectacle would never know the difference.

'The Circuit' was nothing more than a bunch of little people trying to stick it to the big man. They were ex-circus performers who got fed up and formed a group that traveled certain regions of the country making money from such spectacles as Midget arm wrestling, tossing, mountain climbing (they actually climb extremely obese men and on the rare occasion women), and the dreaded pit fighting. Arm wrestling, tossing and mountain climbing were safe and you did not need to be the winner to be paid. Pit fighting was not anything any self-respecting little person would want to get involved with it was the stuff of legends. It was hearsay. It was mostly run by the Asian mob. The Italians worked with the circus' to round up the rogue little people. Alistair has no idea about the Italians. Sister Agatha worked the circuit before the Italians made the switch when all Catholics helped the little man. The Mexican and the Irish Mafioso has helped most little people out with traveling, escaping and booking shows thus proving there is a sort of connection between the Irish and Mexicans. The

Russians were sure that the circuit was competition. But they were wrong. The Circuit was a loose organization of showmen and women who worked entertaining really moronic people. There was no leader, just bands of midgets and dwarfs traveling the countryside of most civilized countries. They could not get booking in France, something about animal cruelty or just a constant preoccupation with Jerry Lewis films. There is one other sport that some big people are aware of but should not be confused with the Circuit. It is the midget rodeo. The rodeo is just a southwestern offshoot of the circus. Most Mexicans who attend are there to liberate little people who signed unfair contracts with the rodeo's owner.

Today, this day, on Alistair's first day out in five years he would be wrestling big Jim. Big Jim had arms like a titan. He was a god on the Circuit. Recruitment onto the Circuit usually seemed like an accident to the newbie. But it was not the Irish, Mexicans or in this case Nuns knew when the Circuit would be in town and what bar they would be at on any given night. Upon escaping your liberators would drop you off at the bar telling you there was work for you there. The story was standard: the owners of this bar is a little person like yourself but he only gives jobs to people who can out drink and beat him in an arm wrestling match. The newbie was given the code words and responses. What the newbie would come to find out is that the owner of the bar makes jack compared to the entertainment. Now Alistair had a leg up compared to most newbie's he knew this was a show. He did not know that big Jim would break his arm that night.

With glasses being thrown, bartenders and contestants yelling and a crowd gathering Alistair and Big Jim began. They squared up. A barmaid came over to help them start the match right. Betting began with a couple of guys then spread among the crowd. All of a sudden, a huge Mexican dude a real slob of a man yelled at Big Jim.

"Break his arm Jimmy and I'll give you one hundred dollars."

A man slouched over in his chair raised his head and responded.

"Red, if you break Big Jim's arm I will give you triple."

The Bar fell silent. These morons could not believe what they were hearing. Was this really happening? Most of them thought this was just a friendly match between two evenly sized people. What was going on?

"I'm going to snap your arm." Declared Big Jim.

Alistair began to withdraw from the table. But the Barmaid held his hand firmly and gave him a reassuring look. Alistair squared up again. The Match started. It was back and forth, back and forth for thirty seconds until Alistair gave it his all and snapped Big Jim's arm at the elbow.

As fast as the match began...As fast as the crowd had gathered...That was how fast the bar became empty. Seven people remained. The bartender, two barmaids, the Mexican man, the drunk in the corner, Alistair and Big Jim remained in the bar.

"Morons." Said the Mexican man as he walked to the table.

The slouched man got up and approached the table also. The bartender and the barmaids gathered around the table. Alistair was crying. Big Jim sat back on his stool and laughed. Money was tossed on the table.

"Jim, why are you laughing?" Asked Alistair with tears in his eyes.

Jim snapped his arm back in place and gave it a flex. Everyone around the table began to laugh.

"Double jointed."

"I'm Terry," one of the Barmaids says to Alistair as she hands him a tissue.

"The Circuit comes through every three months and on the last night someone, Big Jim, always breaks their arm. No one ever seems to remember. Idiots." Continues Terry. "They always run out and forget the bets because they think we are going to call the cops or an ambulance."

"Ol' Trudy came in a week ago talking about a recruit. We told her not to bring you on the money night but she insisted it be on the money night. Said something about toughening you up."

Alistair longed for the times in Nepal. When he was four, Da'ud would come over and lift him high, almost touching the ceiling of the shack, and drop him onto the

couch. It scared Alistair but deep inside he knew Da'ud and the rest of the village would never let him down.

Alistair wanted to go home but life on the circuit was tough. Big Jim's crew consisted of Jose, Patrick, Big Jim, Carmen, Josh, Ileana and Alistair. This crew traveled the west coast from Alaska to the Mexican border. Patrick and Jose were the only two normal sized people. Alistair was the only kid. As they traveled, south, Big Jim stressed the danger of the big city. Jose and Patrick would need to keep an eye on us. The danger was three-fold. The Italian mafia wanted to throw us back into the circus. We were targets for the Russians. The Asians wanted to throw us in the pit. Therefore meeting other crews was very dangerous because some may be pit fighters.

Tanaka Kenshi, this name had been on Big Jim's lips since we entered California. Kenshi used to be one of the greatest arm wrestlers until he switched to pit fighting. Kenshi had killed 30 men in the pit in the ten years since. Many of them were not in the pit. He was ruthless, evil and cunning.

Big Jim called off money night on several occasions because of the paranoia surrounding Kenshi. Money night is the night Big Jim would perform. Alistair or Josh would snap Big Jim's arm and the crowd would clear.

One money night in San Jose, a large crowd had gathered in a bar. Most knew that little people were in town entertaining adults in bars. Alistair was waiting at the back door of the bar for his signal. When one of the barmaids told him to go, he would run around the building and into the front door where he would pick a fight with Big Jim. They had done this a thirty times already. Alistair was a pro. He was cool. But tonight would change Alistair's life forever.

It had been twenty minutes and Alistair was sure that it was time so he stuck his head in the backdoor. Alistair heard a conversation in Japanese. He could not understand any of it except for Kenshi's name. Alistair began to rush in when the bartender scooped him up and carried him to his truck. As the bartender was running, Alistair heard two gunshots.

"Kid," Spoke Joe as he drove away from the bar in his truck. "It's not safe here anymore. Tanaka killed big Jim." Joe drove fast and Alistair said nothing. Before they got onto the freeway, Alistair saw Jose and Patrick held at gunpoint while Yakuza threw Josh, Carmen and Ileana into the back of a minivan.

As clueless as a starving cat, Alistair went with Joe. Unbeknownst to Alistair, the Yakuza would release the all the little people. This was another trick. Becoming too large for the circuit was inevitable for the redheaded Alistair.

Chapter 4

Joe drove the bearded child back to southern California to find the parents of this little monster. For about a second, Alistair was elated to be home. Not thinking of the consequences, he ran to the loving arms of Adam Ryan Chapman, his father. Dad was not a big man, Alistair thought this equated to a docile man, not so.

Alistair did not last very long in public school, about two weeks to be exact. In his later days, Alistair would say he was Shanghai-ed but the truth of the matter is he ran away to China. On a freight ship, Alistair would befriend a great many of the sailors. The most important was the captain. Befriending the captain was so important because without his friendship Alistair would be fish food. The Captain put Alistair to work in the laundry room.

Alistair worked alongside a very jovial man, Au Wai Ling. Wai ling loved to laugh and sing while doing his work. Wai Ling was from the Canton Province of China. Alistair knew very little about China and the languages of China. The most important thing Alistair knew about China were the fighting monks of Shao-Lin.

The ship seemed to be in no hurry to return to Shanghai. The days went by ever so slow as Wai ling taught Alistair Cantonese. Pleasantries and words of woo were taught first and the intricacies of Cantonese followed.

Far in the middle of the Pacific, Alistair's body hung over the toilet. Far away from the other, one on transit to China and the other in Middle America, Sarah Cardinal celebrating a birthday on the winter solstice. Both sick...

The Card had long been sickened to be with her doting mother and absent father. She left the Egan's as soon as she arrived. Off to Nebraska for her thirteenth birthday, unbeknownst to Alistair. With the dead winter landscape outside her window, Sarah sat alone in her room as her mother sang to her from the doorway with a cake in hand. Her raven hair hid her fiery eyes as she slammed the door in her mother's face sending the cake into her mother's face. Sick...

Sick to be away from Alistair, Sarah wept. Her parents taught school. Her father was a professor at the University of Nebraska at Omaha. Mrs. Cardinal was a teacher at Westside High School.

On her birthday, this very day, it was Sarah's first day at Westside. Youngest in her class, bumped ahead two grades, Sarah felt very out of place, very awkward. Thinking of Alistair by her side comforted her until the realization that coming to the school where her mother worked was a fate worse than death. Her mother was sophomore homeroom teacher.

"Sit up front, honey." Her mother motioned to Sarah to sit in the front.

"Sit up front, honey." The other students said mockingly in unison. Laughter filled the classroom. Sarah slammed her things down on a desk in the back row.

Mrs. Cardinal took role as the students finished homework and talked amongst themselves. Sarah was lost all day long. Going from homeroom to her computer class to chemistry, she moved through a sea of high school kids. To say it was a shock or surprise would be a lie, Sarah knew that for the next year her mother would not only be her homeroom moderator but also her third period English teacher.

Sarah wanted desperately to sleep walk through the day or find some reason to enjoy any of this. However, this is high school and she did not smoke weed so daydreaming was the best she could do.

Chapter 5

Alistair was a quick study. He achieved some sense of confidence and fluency by the time they got into port in Shanghai. China has many languages. Alistair learned the wrong language for the area he was visiting. He should have learned Mandarin.

And Alistair lived for a couple of years in Shaolin learning Kung Fu...but that is another story.

My Grandpa's Name is Ciao Rodriguez.

By David Estrada

My grandpa's name is Ciao Rodriguez. My mom and dad are driving me down a dusty road to his house in Carson, California. Henrietta is married to him but my mom says that she's not my grandma.

Grandpa Ciao has cages full of rabbits and a rooster running free in the back yard. He doesn't speak English but he always wants to talk to me. I don't speak Spanish but we get along. Maybe he likes to hear my voice. My mom and grandpa are talking in Spanish.

We walk outside and he puts his hand on my shoulder. I am adopted so I don't look like my family but they still like me. The chicken jumped over the fence into the neighbor's back yard. It's dusty in the backyard. I cough.

Today he gave me a lucky rabbit's foot. Grandpa is always giving me things. I love him he seems like a very gentle person.

He has a room filled with stuff my mom calls junk but it looks like treasure to me.

My mom tells me that my grandpa used to pick fruit when he was young. It's time to go so he gives me a big hug. He is very tall or am I very little.

I'm in kindergarten this year. I don't have many friends so I climb the trees by myself. I try to make friends with the girls because they aren't as rough as the boys. I don't like to play rough.

One day Audrey asked me to play with her. She loves to jump rope but I think that she wants to play alone with me. All the other girls left when she asked me to play with her. She is so nice. How could we jump rope with just the two of us? She doesn't like to climb trees and I want to do what she wants.

I tie one end of the rope to the fence and I start to swing it. Audrey begins to jump. We are having a goodtime just the two of us. I have a problem with my kidney and bladder so I pee in my pants I don't know until it's too late. Audrey likes me anyway. Some of the other kids say I am gross. Audrey likes me.

Mrs. Ross is my teacher and she doesn't think that skipping rope this way is a good idea. She takes away the rope and Audrey goes to play with the other girls.

My grandma's name is Faustina Estrada. She lives in Pico Rivera. My dad loves her. She doesn't speak English but she likes to talk to me in Spanish. She likes to hear my voice. Everything in her house is so clean. He is always asking; "Como

esta, mijo?" That means: how are you, son. She is always talking. It is bright in her house. It smells like roses every time we visit.

The boys in my neighborhood are rough. Sometimes they call me names. The red haired kid called me a beanner. I asked my mom and he said to ignore him. My mom laughed and said you are what you eat. I like my mom's beans and rice.

Audrey told me one day that she is moving far away. I like Audrey. Maybe she will visit. She doesn't make fun of me.

It is summer and that red-haired kid has a brother my age. It would be nice to be friends but he's coming over here to beat me up. His mom told him that my last name is dirty. My mom told me not to fight. Why can't we be friends? His mom must be a doctor because she knows a lot about what is wrong with me. Who is this kid?

My mom is cleaning the beans and my dad is at work. He is a truck driver. Some days he brings me a toy.

I wish I were tough like my dad. Maybe that kid would leave me alone. Maybe red hair makes you mean? Kindergarten is over and summer has just begun. Next year I go into first grade.

My friend Matt wants to play but every time I go out I run into that red hair kid, the mean one. I want to be friends with his brother but they keep beating me up. I want to stay home with my sisters and brothers. They don't beat me up. I want to go to visit my grandpa he likes to talk to me in Spanish. I like the chickens and rabbits.

The doctors say that it is not my fault that I am this way but the red haired kid and his mom treat me like it is. I don't want to go play if I am going to get spit in the face. I was trying to be friends with his brother but the red haired kid called me a dirty beanner.

My Grandpa Ciao died the other day. I wished it was that red haired kid who was dead. I cried and I cried at the funeral. I miss my Grandpa Ciao.

Bridget usually watched me after school when I was in kindergarten but today I am older and I go to a different school. But today I am not at school; my mom and I are going to visit my tía Alice. Most of time I go there she gives me fresh tortillas. I love her tortillas. Marianne and her family live with Tia Alice. A lot of Tia's grandkids are around my age and we often go to the park and play. No one picks on me in this neighborhood maybe it is because I don't live here and if I lived here there would be someone here to bully me. Wanting me to play but really just wanting to beat me up, that's the kids in my neighborhood. Maybe it

wouldn't be that way if I lived in this neighborhood or maybe I just need to stay home like I want to do. But the bullies are nice one day and the next I get beat up for pissing my pants. I don't have nice things like they do because they are better than I am. In my Tia's neighborhood my family looks like most of the people around but in my neighborhood I look like the neighbors. Someone in my neighborhood said that my cousins live in the ghetto...I must like the ghetto. That red haired kid is still alive maybe if I say more Hail Mary's it would fix that.

I think that the only girls who are nice to me are in my family. Regina and Renessa are nice to me, Sonia too. Buddy, Marianne's son is always cool to me. I wish I could live in the ghetto at least the bullies wouldn't live here. Maybe that is the way life is good people are mean to me because they don't want me in their neighborhood. Maybe it isn't just me they don't like maybe they don't like my family. I don't know what we did but I am getting beat up on a regular basis. I wish I wasn't white so I would fit in with the ghetto kids. Maybe I should ask my mom if we could move away...maybe things would be different here.

Lena puts butter on my tortilla. They are very fresh. They taste so wonderful. Maybe next time my mom and I come to visit Tia Alice she will make menudo.

X: JESUS IS STRIPPED OF HIS CLOTHES...

By David Estrada

This final section is a bit of my thoughts, journal entries and musings. I hope you enjoy. Some people say that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Why isn't blasphemy viewed in this light? A lot of the shit in the bible is really far out there. And half of the shit that is attributed to Jesus if you think about it enough was Jesus trying to start a riot against the Romans. Depending on the translation Love thy enemy reads more like know (figure out) your enemy (the occupying army in your land i.e. the Romans)...Jesus may have died because he was trying not just to kick the money changers out of the Temple but the Romans out of Israel. Jesus may have been hung on a cross for saying to the Romans get thee fuck out of our land. Trying to heal the wounds between the Jews and the Samaritans in order to accomplish this daunting task, persuading the Romans to go home, Jesus was killed. At one point in time mothers told their children if you are bad they hand you on a cross now pray for babies while kissing the foot of a seditionist. Perhaps what I have to say is very unpopular but at least I got you to think about God...Why if Jesus is the Prince of Peace is he crucified right after he trashes the Temple in Jerusalem. Is it the meek shall inherit the earth or the submissive shall receive dirt? Was he saying to the Jews grow some balls? But is digress...

Sometimes I think that maybe Jesus blackmailed people...or he was the very first pimp travelling around with his female disciples who may have been women of ill repute. What if they turned tricks and when they were caught he would swoop in to rescue them because as far as anyone knew he was Mary Madeline's husband and if he slept with her it wasn't sin...but this is sounding more and more like the Da Vinci Code...Maybe Jesus made use of his resources and had men collecting taxes and payments for the service of the women and women of course turning tricks. Who knows for sure that is not what happened...The lives of those people are a question of faith as much as the resurrection of Christ.

This story rounds out the collection of short stories to speak of blasphemy. But who is to damn something that may bring you closer to god while I repulse you. At least a blasphemer is speaking about God...

The more I think about it the more I see that I am truly worthless.

In 2012 I bummed rushed into an emergency room in Whittier screaming I was Osama Bin Laden...I am not...I often wish I were dead though, so if you need to take you racist anger out on someone you can kill me but it is okay because you

are probably a police officer. In 1999 I started to see a hypnotherapist and she and some other people have been gas-lighting me since then...many of the people in my neighborhood love Hitler and the KKK. So frankly they on more than one occasion have subtly threatened to kill me because I am Hispanic. If you have ever had a post hypnotic suggestion you would understand it is like being given a little script of the things you should do and you follow along because you think that it is what is best...like if they suggest to think about the harm you are doing to yourself each time you smoke...you think of black lungs and emphysema. I thought things like I was god and the universe was a thought experiment or daydream...when you community bullies you it is called laws or the greater good...where the ends justify the means.

The greater good in most cases is synonymous with the holocaust. Hitler just wanted to convert the Jews like The Inquisition.

9 Out of 10 White Supremacists Celebrated a Job Well Done After 9/11

Excerpts from posting on Facebook as I was trying to finish this book...

I need prayers....if there is a god pray to him that I die soon if I don't then there is no god.

I need to be heavily medicated for the rest of my life...because when I was twenty I slapped a chick on the ass and the neo-Nazis in my neighborhood think that if you do that you are a pederast.

that is a lie...it means the whole world it is everything what others think of you...you are not allowed to be who you are unless you are heavily medicated anger is an unacceptable emotion you cannot be angry every you are a piece of shit and no one should ever love you because you show anger in your writing and a little in your speech everyone must be happy all the time happy happy happy drugs are the cure to everything

God gave Moses schizophrenia to give the Israelites who didn't believe in god as a punishment...it is a scientific fact that all blasphemers are schizophrenics and should be put to death or gas light by cunt hypnotherapists and cultists

David Estrada: schizophrenia is the clinical name of atheism and blasphemy it is treatable with drugs and enforced by the law

Anyone who takes prednisone is schizophrenic

Vivian (my sister) c'mon, David. That just doesn't make sense. That sounds like something you would believe when not getting help....PLEASE go get help!!! I love you!!!

David Estrada that is why they put me on that medicine because I take prednisone Beanna one of my psychiatrists told me that I am being an asshole until it is okay for me to never see a psychiatrist again when I went to meetings my sponsor told me that every woman I would meet in person was off limits and a friend told me that the only lovers I would have would be whores I am frankly just killing time until I kill myself one of my psychiatrists told me that love was not for me so I so I am resigned to die

David Estrada I am being an asshole until I can get off these meds

David Estrada I went to a party when I was twenty and that is where the problems started because a lot of the people in this neighborhood used to love Hitler I am trying to be serious but I am pissed I don't want help I want to be left alone to live my life semi-normally I want to stress again Beanna I am being an asshole because I am being forced to take these meds if you want to have an intervention for me don't invite me I had one of those when I was twenty and I can't really remember but the people tied me up

David Estrada medicine does cure everything I know most of what I say is bullshit...I am saying so that I can get off meds I hate them I don't like being forced to take medicine I would rather die

Vivian (my sister) I don't know what to say, David. Remember, I am a nurse and the only way ANY psychiatric illnesses can be controlled is with some serious therapy and the right PSYCHIATRIC medications. Prednisone is not a psychiatric medication. You are on that because of you kidneys...I took Prednisone because of my Rheumatoid Arthritis. Sounds to me you need new therapists and a new medical facility. I do not plan interventions.....I think they are kind of drastic!!! Please talk to mom; I know you trust her....

David Estrada no the people at Fullerton college and in the neighborhood bullied me and tortured me right into the first mental institution 14 years ago it was because I said the wrong thing to someone at a party and slapped a girl on the ass I was twenty I accept responsibility but I don't need any psych meds and the friends I have may have been the same people at that party frankly going to NA I have not been allowed to be in love because my sponsor would always say that whoever the girl was she was unable to love me back and I left because someone told me my only lovers would be whores I am pissed I don't need those meds to cure bullying the people in this neighborhood are white power and you would know because they wouldn't tell you because you look the way you look

David Estrada I say this shit because A. I write fiction and B. you think I am worthless and crazy so what does it matter what I say no woman will ever love me only mom and when she is gone I will die too

David Estrada if you talk to me you would see a different person I am not exactly always the same as when I write I am sorry you know how to read I don't want to take meds I am not schizophrenic or depressed this happened because I was being bullied at Beatitudes, ST PAUL and then at Fullerton college I realized my life is worthless because I have birth defects and that is why I should not be in love ROBERT is right my only lovers should be whores he is trained in those matters

David Estrada sorry if you are worried but the facts are that I am gross to look at and I am a worthless person who doesn't deserve love

Whether or not it is true when you have been bullied and put down for so long it becomes an automatic part of your personality. That is the reality that we are conditioned to bully ourselves...in this sort of passive aggressive way we take our pain out on ourselves, over and over again until we slit our wrists and say at least I didn't go postal on those innocent people at work or the coffee shop.

9 out of 10 White Supremacists prefer Country music to heterosexual sex...

Sometimes life isn't what we want it to be. All the shit talking in the world cannot stop some people from hating you because of a preconceived notion they have of you or people like you. Love and tolerance cannot always overcome hatred. Being tolerant of intolerance is apathy.

The twisting of reality takes many (many) forms...

I am God the creator of the universe which is in my mind. I encounter myself in other people who are at the same time me and God the creator of the universe and they cry because they know that every action I take I am one steps closer to damning them and myself because we are the same person. I know this lying on my hospital bed tied down so that I don't escape...if I wouldn't make that mistake of doing the wrong thing each time I do the wrong thing...every move I make is the wrong move...if only I could do that I would save the world which is in my head...the universe is God's daydream.

There is a security guard at the door he is God too...although God is the creator of the universe he is tortured by the universe. So brutalized was the first incarnation of God that his head was slammed on a rock as a newborn. Every incarnation of God is killed and then reborn to be killed again until God emerges from the womb ready for his first kill. And then God the bitch, being raped to save his own life... but coercion isn't really rape.

God the child and God the Father exchanging gifts on Christmas know that the child damned the father to this life with time travel living a life over and over again through different eyes moving forward to the end and then begin again. And the sadness knowing the suicide is in the cards for the both of them. My father played a trick on me that Christmas but I was supposed to beguile him with my knowledge but instead he went into the garage to fetch my present only to kill himself and be replaced by another...the gift was not what matter it was the change that he was not the same person who went in the garage who came out.

We are never the same person we were just a second ago nothing about our life is static...a great man said our lives are never still lives. The fruit is decaying while the painter is painting. The true beauty is in the eye of the artist; maybe not even there.

She has the most beautiful brown eyes...they glow the way chocolate glows just before you put it in your mouth as the saliva accumulates in your mouth, just before you take a bite. The man in my mind tells me she and he fly planes for the Air Force. She would shoot me down no matter what I said or what I did, she was out of my league and that is not a challenge to make a man bring out his A-game it is a mere fact I am not fit to be the slime on her shoe.

The man in my head says we're friends but I don't believe him. He doesn't mean that she, the beauty with the eyes are friends, he means that he and I are friends and I should trust the things a foreign invader in my mind says and tells me to do

like a little director telling me what to do from an ear phone...he knows how the scene is supposed to play out. The script was written a week ahead of time and record two days ago. They play the tape as I sleep and I hear them in my head as they tell me what to do, I have no free will. This is what it is like to have lost all choice truly this is hell.

I scream out damn voice like I am Lady Macbeth trying to wash the blood off her hands. Out damn voice, I claw at my temples. She wouldn't have to be a pilot to shoot me down; schizophrenia isn't just in my mind it is in my house and speaks through my alarm clock telling me to go to church. My neighbor learned I am interested in Muslim things and so one Sunday morning he played the 'Call to prayer' over his stereo at 8 am...xenophobia and public prayer are important to him. Jesus was against public prayer. Out damn voice, out of my mind; what water could I use to wash you?

She flies her plane with the man who speaks to me in my head. He keeps calling me buddy but we are not buddies. It must be akin to when someone you don't know calls you: boss or chief. I'm not your buddy, friend. I'm not your friend, buddy.

I slit my wrist and the man in my head goes away this is what is best for everyone...she is better off with someone else.

Psychomantic Scriptures

Psychomancy is the manipulation of the psychotic the way necromancy is the manipulation of the dead. These are the scriptures of the psychos who manipulate themselves.

Recent journal entries...

I write what I write and I think it is rubbish. I think I am worthless and everyone is better than I am. People aren't objects to be fought over. Women would then be objects to be fought over having no will of their own. If a woman has no will of her own you can have her if don't know what to do with that. What if I ask twice and get two no's then the third time is the charm...and I always get a yes if I ask three times...Will you have sex with me? Will you have sex with me? Will you have sex with me? I would just think you would think I was gross from the first time we met. I am fuck ugly...I have a mirror. I am predisposed to think the answer to most of my requests will be no. No you may not touch me ever you are dirty. Your lips will never touch mine you are filthy. You are fucking gross. I am worthless.

What to do

What to do?

I have a cousin everyone called him Buddy...I haven't seen him for years. I probably should pray...where do I start? What do I say? Where do I go? How do I start to say something that I cannot completely annunciate? Do I say the prayers they taught me in school? I am in the hospital, again. Before I came to the hospital I thought honey was magically appearing or someone had given me a hypnotic suggestion to use honey on my biscuit and I spilt it on the table and I thought I had magical powers and god was calling me honey...god was in love with me. It seems that the other day I was under some sort of mild hypnosis and the day was sort of scripted out based on a suggestion given to me in my sleep. I saw a hypnotherapist/psychic for a short time. I think she was more off than I if she had something to do with my recent behavior. I should kill myself. I need to die. I am worthless. I thought the beef stew the other day was human meat. I thought my mom made us a cannibal stew because of some bullshit I wrote of a bad Catholic joke...apparently some people take their imaginary friends seriously. This reminds me of "The Manchurian Candidate" with Frank Sinatra not Denzel Washington...I don't like remakes. This is utter stupidity. I don't know I am worthless. I don't know why I think of this shit. I am a piece of shit. One of my case managers reminds me of someone. She is beautiful. She looks like she is important. She reminds me of someone I went to school with or worked with I

am not sure. I think that if I express my interest of her she will go away. Like I think the same thing at work with the women I work with. None of them would want anything to do with me so I think that they would be transferred if I was just a little friendly...like because I am gross any sort of pass I make at a woman is harassment and they need to get a restraining order. I hate myself more and more each day. I feel that writing in this pseudo-fictional way I am being a rat of some sort...I am talking smack on the people in my past and present. What I love to do is destroying people's lives because they don't want me to write in this way...I am suspicious of most people so I am very selective of who is my friend or not. Although I think I am a piece of shit I think you have some sort of ulterior motive for wanting to be friends. I think they have moved Southern California to another part of the world the hills look differently or am I, for one of the few times in my life, actually looking at the mountains? What continent has a west coast like America? Could we be in Portugal? Everyone says to remain positive but really aren't their things to be negative about. Just before I came to the hospital I was having night terrors...I thought someone installed a car stereo inside of my abdomen...something like that would have killed me. I thought I was going to be killed. I have thought I was going to be killed for a long time. I thought I pissed someone off and they wanted me dead. When my converse wear they seem to have burns from a motorcycle and I think each time they wear this way that someone with feet as small as mine are switching my shoes with theirs. As crazy as it sounds it is what comes out when I think when go into the dark place in my mind. It is not that it is abnormal to go to my dark place. I am a visitor in my happy place. She is in my mind as I sit in this psyche ward. She is never far away. I think that the world would be better off without me. She would be better suited for another man I am a waste of air, water and food. She should kill me or have me killed when I go to the gas station to buy condoms so that I am prepared to ask her out. Having her mafia friends put me to death for wanting her love. Or maybe her ex-boyfriend gave her a Glock 19. She put one in my chest because she didn't like fortunes cookies...my family is gathered around me in the ambulance as it races to the hospital but that really is just in my head. It is a dream or a script I was read in my sleep. And I want to love her some much. In my mind my brother reads me my Miranda rights...you have the right to remain silent...Having being read my rights and being a writer are very much like having my hands chopped off. The screen is fuzzy when I am drunk. I love her so and sometimes we don't say anything more than hello. I am worthless. I miss work and when she is around. Her eyes are luminescent like chocolate or maybe she has been crying. It makes me sad when she cries. Every great day I cry on the way home. It was such a great day I feel that I said what I wanted to her and my heart grew and so I cried on the way home in my car. This is business as usual for the past year...I don't want her to leave...I don't want to chase her away with my desire for love. Her love is special. Some people don't know what is going on until it is far too late for them to change a thing. In high school they called me

Rainman like the movie. I think sometimes they were saying you are a fucking retard. And other times I believe what they said about my looking like Dustin Hoffman. It was just a nickname I got tons of them but sometimes it just hurts because I think that because I am shy and quiet other people believe that I am fucked in the head...Today I was looking at laptop computers. I like the tactile sensation of writing with a pen but sometimes the keyboard is so comforting because I hands hurt with a pen from time to time. I am just so sad sometimes. I miss a friend and I just don't know what would quench that sort of thirst. Many of the counselors or doctors, the ladies, in this mental hospital are very pretty maybe I should have become interested in psychology in college. Maybe that is where it was as but I had Bish...but at the time I was going to meetings and I was told that she would be trouble and would ruin my college career but she made UCI beautiful...Like my friends at work make it something worth writing about. Make is something more personal than just being personnel; making a grocery store happier by the hour. It isn't just dirty jokes or...no it is mostly just the jokes that make me laugh and then everyone says what a great laugh I have...I guess I do if you like that about me...it comes with my brain that is wired to self-destruct. I want to tell her that she is beautiful but she is a...I just don't want to be a douche. She would just think I was gross anyway. It wouldn't be that bad but really what would she want with the likes of me. But if I were the frog prince I think the princess may still prefer her ladies...I just hate myself so that I think most women prefer other women to me. But sexuality hardly works that way. Even love is more complicated that just saying that David Estrada is disgusting I would rather sleep with my bestie or some biker-dyke that touch that douche, David Estrada. I keep typing and notice that the capital 'I's look green on my computer screen...it is so trippy. Just the capital 'I's. I think my eyes are fucked up. Maybe it is the angle of my laptop screen. I am not sure of anything sometimes. Maybe this is further proof that I am best left out of the genetic or recreational loop. Most of the rest of this journal is about my iniquitous ineptitude and how I think that she hates me no matter what I do or say or not do or not say. But she has been gone for more than a year now...I doubt she would want to see me again. I would seem too psychotic. Especially after reading most of what I have written in the past four years...psycho Dave is an earned moniker. But is still would not wear it with pride just shame scaring the ones I love away.

How do you judge if your life has went wrong is it just a general dissatisfaction you feel in your life? Where do you start to fix your life if you aren't sure what is even wrong just a screaming certainty that you don't like your life?

